Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper

January 13, 1945

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

OVER 600,000 COPIES SOLD EVERY WEEK

PRICE 3D

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727894

EVEN THE ATTIC can be s.c. flat with own ent.

LET AND LET ALONE...

● Once upon a time one did not become a landlady unless one had the vocation, and the very definite character—a rather forbidding person, given to obesity, who could loom in doorways, arms akimbo, and demand rent. It was a stereotyped profession.

By JEANNE MULLINS

HOWEVER, with the housing shortage nowadays, it's astonishing how even the best people, with purely patriotic fervor, are cutting up their homes.

The way family mansions have dissolved overnight into sun. gar. flts. and acquired hitherto unsuspected lov. views and spac. grds. is little short of remarkable.

Back bedrooms that have lain fallow for years have suddenly blossomed into snug aptmts. Latent mod. cons. have materialised like mushrooms.

It naturally follows, then, that a great number of the gentlewomen and bus. ladies who are willing, nay anxious, to share their mod. elec. home all convs. are complete novices in the art of being a landlady.

Myself, both as a ref. bus. girl (no cut inchs.) and a ret. sold. wife (4 chevs.), no chn., own lin., have had varied experience in being a tenant, so feel qualified to give impartial advice to those wavering on the brink of letting Jack's old room as sun. flat, use kit., to the ex-s'man married child very resp. . . . or quiet gent. small bus. seeks perm. home Chrs'n fam.

Your attitude toward your tenant is of paramount importance.

Don't, I beg, be too matey. This is a mistake and will probably find you minding the quiet baby past teething while your M.C., bank refs., go to the pictures by the transp. handy.

You must respect their idiosyncrasies. Obviously, people who require b'fast on beach, or need soft wash with north aspect, are bound to be unconventional.

You can learn to be a landlady

If they show a marked partiality toward chaining the dog in the middle of the front lawn, well, look at the thing moderately.

They may wish to protect your lux. furnshgs. and Eng. china and silver. They may even think the dog is ornamental.

If their friends are inclined to overdo the use tel. in the dead of night, keep an open mind. They may mix in a large circle of night-watchmen.

Should they persist in draping the baby's nappies from the wireless aerial, they may merely mean to suggest that comf. home, one hap. fam. you promised them.

Bear this in mind, tolerantly, when you complain.

And a word on complaints. Do pick your time. It's most disconcerting for the nav. off'a. wife, bending over her all elec. cookg. stove in the middle of turning her first omelet, to have you come pounding on the door clamoring for the radio to be turned down.

And don't utter these complaints in that special kind of painfully refined voice.

She may be sensitive. Again, she may entertain her friends with her facile mimicry.

Don't misrepresent. This is extremely irritating. If the previous tenant *whimsically dug a hole in the* centre of the lounge, don't attempt to conceal it with a rug.

Realise the commercial possibilities. Point it out! Say he was homicidal and that's where the bodies went. You all know how people just adore the ghoulish.

Anyway, there's sure to be at least one among the five hundred and nine who will answer your ad.

Similarly, if you've advertised own ent., meaning the little side-door you've always used since you lost the front-door key in 1908, it will be far better to climb in the bedroom window yourself than continue this practice.

Otherwise you may collect the embrace due half the urgent newlywed couple, or the sock on the jaw intended for ret. s'v'ceman too late returning.

You may encounter your shift-worker between shifts without a shift, or the Continental gent doing something continental.

If Privacy is what was stated by Bank Clerk married on tramline, you must give him privacy and not call on him to cut wood or continually borrow sugar from his wife.

Be indulgent. Should your tenants cover the cedar lowboy with pink enamel and blue rabbits because they are expec. p'nts, laugh it off. It can be chipped off, anyway, after the war.

If you should find Aunt Emily's watercolor relegated to portion of the mod. cons., curb your umbrage.

Tenants who are willing to pay lib. terms don't necessarily have lib. taste.

In a word, then, let and let alone. If you let to live, you must learn to like it. And actually there's nothing to it. Just hear my few simple pointers in mind.

After the war I'm going to buy a spac. home simply teeming with harb. views, Indian rugs, sun bals., cosy rms., bus. tram, trains at door, gas-rings, lin., cut., crock., select furn., morning trays, and a good local—and live in it all by myself.

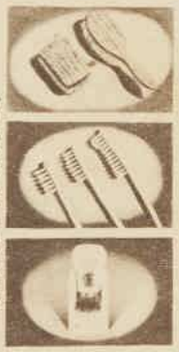
OVERCROWDING has caused many people to cut up their homes.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA

KENT of LONDON

Best British Brushes



Kent Quality Brushes were first created by Messrs. G. B. Kent and Sons Ltd., London, England, in 1777. The finest grades of Kent Brushes are made with bristles of genuine Siberian boar and backs of the finest selected Satinwood. Brushes of this character are entirely hand-made, and are the proud achievement of skilled workmen, many of whom have handed down their craftsmanship from father to son, from generation to generation. They are without equal for quality and conscientious workmanship, and have been the chosen brushes of the Royalty of Europe and the cultured public throughout the world for many generations.

KENT EST. 1777 ENGLAND

The KENT-COSBY (PATENT)

"Allure"

PERFUME HAIRBRUSH

PERFUME PAD

● BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH

● HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER

● ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS

Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!

G. B. KENT & SONS LTD (wartime address: 222 REGENT STREET LONDON, W.1, ENGLAND ● CABLES: TRICHO WESDO LONDON)

★ NOTE Kent-Cosby "Allure" Hairbrushes are not at present available for sale in Australia. Members of the public desiring the earliest possible delivery of these outstanding brushes should write to:—Hillcastle (Pty.) Ltd., 341 A Kent St., Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, mentioning the name of the stockist by whom they would like the brush supplied. Prices are not yet fixed but when supplies are available they will be notified and if for any reason they do not at that time wish to accept delivery they will be under no obligation to do so.

As Fresh as a Daisy!

A sweet and fresh appearance demands an all-out effort on your part. Success in business and social life is the sum total of your efforts. Don't take chances with your happiness; protect yourself the FEM-IN-EX way from underarm perspiration odor — clothes, too, will last twice as long.

FEM-IN-EX DEODORANT CREAM checks under-arm odor, is delightful to use—takes only one second to apply, and keeps you protected for the whole day.

Remember, the effectiveness of FEM-IN-EX DEODORANT CREAM is guaranteed.

Sold at all Chemists and Stores in 3 sizes—price, 1/6, 2/6, and 4/6.

Jane Junior Laboratories, 283 Elizabeth St., SYDNEY.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727895

A LETTER FROM MAC

By . . .
MARIAN CASTLE

"I forgot to mail an order for some new parts," he told Sara restlessly.

SARA MacPEE had never felt guilty about seeing so much of the Major until the night her father-in-law walked in on them at her tiny new apartment. She had felt only sad about Mac, and their love of last year, and the war that pushed young people into marriages that couldn't possibly last.

She had felt even a little noble, because she wasn't going to tell Mac their marriage had folded up until he got back from Italy, and of course that meant keeping the Major waiting too.

But the Major understood. He understood everything, even to her wearing her wedding-ring whenever they went out together, and why she would go only to the most proper places with him like this highbrow choral affair to-night.

So she wasn't prepared for this sudden rush of hot guilt as she looked up from the sofa and saw the tired, harassed-eyed man who was her father-in-law standing in the open door.

They must have left it ajar when they came in, and he stood there taking in everything—the pair of them, relaxed and companionable, Sara's evening wrap across a chair, the single lighted lamp, the restrained sophistication about it all.

A moment before Sara had been rather proud of it all. Now she could only get to her feet, her cheeks scorching, as she faced Timothy MacPee in his wrinkled suit, with the spear points of pencils and a draughtsman's compass poking out of his pocket. He must have come straight from his machine shop.

"Come right in, Dad MacPee. I want you to meet Major Brayton. He's my boss."

The Major held out his hand and said simply, "Sara has spoken of you often. You must be proud of your son. He makes those of us here at home look pretty useless."

That was one of the nice things about the Major, thought Sara—his depreciation of his gold braid. "Just a reserve officer with bad vision," he'd sigh, "fighting on the swivel-chair front."

Mac's father shook hands in silence. Sara wondered what the Major thought of this worn-looking man whose sensitive, inventor's hands were ingrained with mechanic's grease.

Unbidden, a memory rushed back of Mac's young grin as he said, "You might as well realise, Sara, that regardless of a couple of engineering degrees, I'll always have black fingernails in a one-cylinder little business like Dad's and mine!"

He had been so proud of that half interest. And she had laughed and answered, "And a very good match you are, sir, for a girl who's much better at mixing a meat loaf than making fancy savories!"

But everything was different now. Life and the Major had made her very urban and sophisticated and adult. But they had not prepared her for this awful sense of guilt and little-girliness as she confronted Mac's father.

Timothy MacPee apologised. "I just came in to read you a letter I had from Mac. Oh, nothing serious —" he reassured the quick fright in her eyes.

She was chattery with relief. "Do come in, and the Major will excuse us while you read me the letter. Then I'll make some coffee—it's still early. We just got in from hearing St. Igor's choir."

She was talking too much and too fast. But she had to explain. She had to erase the tired questioning in her father-in-law's eyes.

But Timothy MacPee shook his head.

"The letter can wait. I've got to be getting back to the shop. We're working three shifts now to turn out those gun parts, and it seems as if I'm needed on every shift. Lost my secretary, and I'm weeks behind on the paper work already. Mac was good in either the office or the shop."

As he turned to go, he inquired with a quizzical grin: "You don't happen to know a competent young mechanical engineer that could take Mac's place, do you?"

"I don't know anyone who could take Mac's place!" said Sara earnestly. Then she reddened at her own vehemence. After all, hadn't she found exactly that?

She watched Mac's father disappear down the carpeted corridor. There was still that look in his eyes. She must make him see that she hadn't wanted her marriage to end like this. A year ago she had thought that it would be wonderful to have a father-in-law like Timothy MacPee, who was all the family Mac had.

She had known Mac only a month from the time she met him at a canteen party until he was sent overseas. Just one month to fall in love and get married and save up memories for all the aching emptiness ahead.

THEY found a funny little third-floor apartment for their honeymoon. It had a narrow window in the bedroom, where Sara could watch the street-cars stopping below. And when someone khaki-clad and hurrying got off, she'd run to the door to meet him, her arms and her heart eager for that strong wild embrace.

After they had turned the key in the lock for the last time and started down the stairs, Sara couldn't bring herself to go back for the bedroom slippers she had forgotten.

She wrote every day at first. And being without him was as sharp as the pain in one's side from running too fast. Then the weeks dragged on, and the pain died away, as it always does. Ages later she got a censored letter that, like hers, tried to grope its way across the miles.

So many of Mac's letters were lost. It was hard to write when she received no answers. Finally, she couldn't remember the sound of his voice, or how he looked, until now the time apart seemed so long and their honeymoon so short.

She had followed all the advice about throwing herself into war work. She had got herself a job in the Government offices and Major John Brayton—bachelor, thirtyish, nice-looking—for a boss.

At first he had been grave and impersonal, and so had Sara. He had told her afterward that it was what had attracted him to her first. Oh, he'd liked a lot of other things about her, too; but most of all he had liked her air of remoteness and conscientiousness that were so much older than the pert little bows in her hair, and her short flaring skirts.

Often they worked late, after the buses stopped running, and he would take her home. They would stop for coffee at an all-night cafe along the road. With their legs twined about high stools, they talked about everything—music and statuary, and why she and Mac had had to rush headlong into marriage.

They talked about how young Mac was—only 24—and how brave, too, with the unthinking bravery of youth.

Of course, Sara didn't tell him that Mac's letters were touchingly immature—the same silly pet names that had been so dear on their honeymoon, but that now, on paper, were embarrassing and even incredible. He was just a fine, brave, healthy cog in the war machine.

Long after Mac's father had disappeared down the carpeted corridor Sara stood there staring after him. At last she turned back into the room. The Major was watching her.

"Sit down, Sara. You look tired," he said quietly. "A decision is a difficult thing to make sometimes. But you've been running away, we've both been running away from it till now. You might as well tell Mac's father and get it over. It's the decent thing to do."

She looked at him gratefully and sank down beside him. His arm was along the back of the sofa. She rested tiredly against it. She'd been so divided, so torn.

His voice went on. "You can't be blamed for growing up, any more than Mac can be blamed for staying the same fine, wholesome, thoughtless kid."

He made it clear and simple. You couldn't help things like this!

John Brayton's arm slid lower. Tightened. Then, all of a sudden, he was kissing her.

"Sara, you sweet thing! You do care—a little?" he murmured. Sara stirred uneasily. "John, you—we—mustn't!"

He almost pushed her away. His face was taut. "You're too lovely, Sara. I've tried not to be a heel. I'll clear out until you've told Mac's father—"

He had been decent. He wasn't a heel.

"I'll tell him right away," she promised quietly.

WHEN he had gone, she stood there, her hand on the doorknob. He was right; things couldn't go on like this. The sooner she told Mac's father, the better. He had said he was going straight back to the shop. Why not follow him and tell him now—and get it off her heart and her conscience?

She was mentally rehearsing as she undid the jewelled buttons of her frock and changed into plain, outdoor clothes.

It was midnight when she reached the street, but the cars ran all night, now that so many plants were working three shifts. A half-hour later she swung down off the rocking car and made her way gingerly toward the viaduct. This was a new world of noisy plants and hurrying workmen and kerchief-turbaned girls in slacks.

She had never seen Mac's and his father's shop. She had always meant to come. But during their honeymoon, Mac had been out at the Field all day, and afterward she had been so busy with her job.

She saw the sign, MacPee and Son, Metal Products. It was over a ramshackle old building, bursting at every seam with light and noise.

She opened the grubby door marked, "Office." Timothy MacPee looked up at her with a distraught air from the mountainous clutter on his desk as though he had difficulty placing her. Then he smiled—Mac's smile—and pushed a pile of government forms off a chair so she could sit down.

He apologised. "Never can seem to get to this unholy mess. Always something else I've got to do first. Sometimes I wish the Government would make up its mind which it wants the worst—precision gun parts or filled-out forms!"

Sara was sympathetic and touched. As Mac had said, his father was a good shop man, but a helpless infant in an office.

Please turn to page 4

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727896

Queen Mary still wears toques

1919. Satin-beflowered toque. Queen Mary was 77 in May last, lives quietly in her country home.

1924. Jewelled toque. The Queen Mother has lived during five reigns, and two of her sons have been Kings.

FOR nearly 30 years Queen Mary has favored the same type of hat—a toque, with variations.

Reason for this choice was revealed recently by Mrs. Hilda Grenier, one of Queen Mary's maids for nine years.

"She wore them to please her husband, the same as any woman would," said Mrs. Grenier.

Once, as an experiment, Queen Mary appeared in a rather modern hat, but the late King George V was so indignant that she reverted to toques.

1935. Feathered toque which Queen wore as Royal carriage passed through London in grand Jubilee procession.

1939. Floral toque. Queen Mary has good health, enjoys cutting down undergrowth on country estate.

1944. Still favoring toques. Queen Mary wears this one to christening of Prince Richard of Gloucester.

A Letter From Mac

Continued from page 3

RATHER awkwardly, Sara began, "I came—about Mac's letter."

He pulled out a creased sheet from his pocket and began to read aloud to her.

"Dear Dad,—I haven't written for a few weeks because I've been laid up with my shoulder. Only a scratch, but the wound isn't healing fast enough. The Nazis came over and peppered everything in sight, including me. But I'm up and around now, and anxious to be back patching up cannon again. Nobody understands those babies like me. And we've still got a lot of shooting to do before we can dust off our hands and come home.

"I haven't written Sara yet about my being bunged up. She's such a kid. I didn't want to worry her about my not being able to use my arm, till I was sure I could——"

Sara looked up quickly, tears in her eyes. What days he must have had—and nights.

But Timothy MacPee did not notice her tears. At some sound, or lack of sound, from the shop beyond he had gone to the door to look out. He said over his shoulder in exasperation, "That foreman! I'll be back in a minute."

He fumed out, slamming the door. Sara glanced down, saw the open letter on his desk, and picked it up. She went on reading.

"And now, Dad, I'm going to ask you something personal. When you were in France during the other war, did you sometimes wonder about Mother? I mean about how it would be when you got back? Of course, she was a little older than Sara, and I was on the way, but weren't you ever afraid of all the things the war had done to you and hadn't done to her? Sara's letters sound so young——"

Sara gasped. Her letters sounded young! She read on:

"She just writes about canteen parties and how will she manage with sugar coupons and I must bring her back a souvenir. To her, I guess, I'm just a happy-go-lucky Joe Army in a nice, clean uniform, righting the world's wrongs. And by gosh, I am righting a few of them, but as for the rest, she has no idea what it's like.

"That nightmarish fear (you told me you had it in France too) that comes over you in the dark when you're afraid you'll be a coward when the real test comes, or—if you aren't—that you'll be crippled, or blinded, or take a long time dying. I feel a thousand years old some days. I wondered if you used to be afraid of life as well as death? Of coming back to find that—I don't know how to say it—that the glass you'd left had stood so long all the bubbles had gone out of it?"

Sara laid down the letter in blank astonishment. No wonder Mac's father had not handed the letter over to her to read! It had never occurred to her that Mac's love might waver. Hers, yes. But not Mac's.

She had to read the rest of the letter:

"I've been thinking. You say that fellow Gormley still wants to buy into the firm. Of course, I'd hate to see the sign read 'MacPee and Gormley' instead of 'MacPee and Son.' But this war's pretty uncertain. I might not get back at all (of course I'll get back!) but as I was saying, since you've got my power of attorney, why not sell my interest and turn the proceeds over to Sara? She might need it.

"Now don't get me wrong, Dad. I aim to stick by my guns. You and I agreed when I enlisted that anything worth having carried an obligation with it.

"Yours as ever, Mac."

Sara's whole being was one vast wounded ego. So she was an "obligation," was she? But Mac would "stick by his guns"—meaning her—even though she now seemed shallow and childish to him—even though life with her would have lost all its fizz and sparkle.

She held on hard to the scarred arms of the old office chair. She was faint with shock. But something honest inside her made her answer, "He's only thought your own thoughts and been tormented by your own doubts. What hurts is to have him find you wanting!"

A reluctant sympathy for him began to well up inside her. Suddenly she felt nearer to Mac than at any time since he had gone away.

And then her soul hung its head. For she had had Mac's doubts but not his scruples. It was that old word, duty. If you were Mac, you had it—toward a country—toward a marriage. You stuck by your guns.

She folded the letter and fitted it shakily back into the envelope. Blankly she stared on the desk at the clutter of papers and began to straighten them.

Her father-in-law returned. "Trouble was with a metal lathe," he explained restlessly, shuffling through the papers on his desk. "I forgot to mail an order for some new parts—it's probably right there in that pile somewhere—the letter, I mean." He ran a hand over eyes that were haggard from lack of sleep. "It's late, Sara. I'll take you home now. Then I'll come back and hoe out that mess till I locate the letter."

"No," said Sara, with sudden sharpness. "I'm staying right here. I'll hoe out the mess myself."

"But, Sara, you can't. Lord knows, I need someone. But you've got a job with the Major—"

"I'm giving it up—my job. I'm planning to apply for another, one even more essential."

She wanted him to say, "Where?" but he only stared at her, so she went on as though he had. "Right here. You're the boss, aren't you? Honestly, I'm a very efficient person. Just ask the Major. I could free you of all this so you could just work on gun parts." She was pleading, as though she must try very hard to prove something to him.

The strength seemed to go out of his knees. He sat down. "You mean that? Sara, do you want to know how you look to me at this minute? Ever see one of those old-fashioned Sunday school cards with little beams of light shooting out from round the angel's head? Well, that's you. But what makes you want to take it on?"

"We can't have Mac coming home and finding a mess like this, can we?" she asked belligerently. "I'll bet you're late with your last quarter's income tax, and probably you've got Unpaid Bills filed under New Accounts!"

"I shouldn't wonder," he agreed meekly and contentedly.

"You know, Dad MacPee"—her voice broke—"I've just begun to find out what it means to be a war wife. And with Mac 'way off there, lying awake wondering—" She had no pride now nor any shame for having read Mac's letter. "Can't you see how hard I've got to try, if I'm to match up to him? I've been leaving everything for him to do, all the fighting and working and sacrificing—and even—loving. Now I'm going to do my share—"

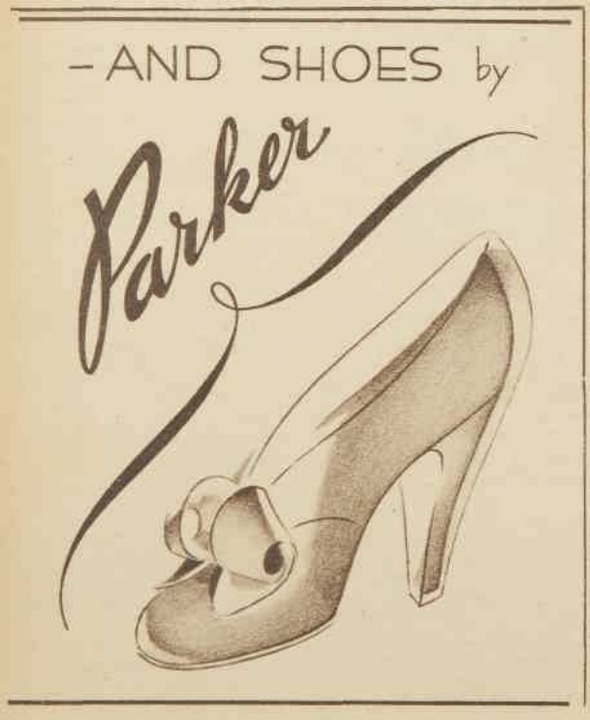
She heard a little understanding chuckle. "You mean you've just found out what's duty for the gander is duty for the goose, eh?" Then he added gravely, "But you needn't worry about not matching up, Sara. Mac would be proud of you tonight."

Sara leaned down and began to scoop up a pile of papers from off the floor. It was a full minute before she could manage to say in a muffled voice, "The very idea! Not having 'MacPee and Son' on the sign. When some day Mac might want it for—for his son—"

The two sat very still in this room, surrounded by the clank and roar of a world at work and at war. Then Timothy MacPee got up, saying briskly, "Well, Sara, guess I better get to work. But I'll be back in time for us to have breakfast together . . . daughter."

He had never called her that before.

(Copyright)



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 •••

COTY

Among the many sorely missed things Peace will bring again is Coty's *Airspun Face Powder*—even finer and more delicately perfumed—in subtler, modern shades.

Coty

4-44

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727897

OLD SINNERS NEVER DIE

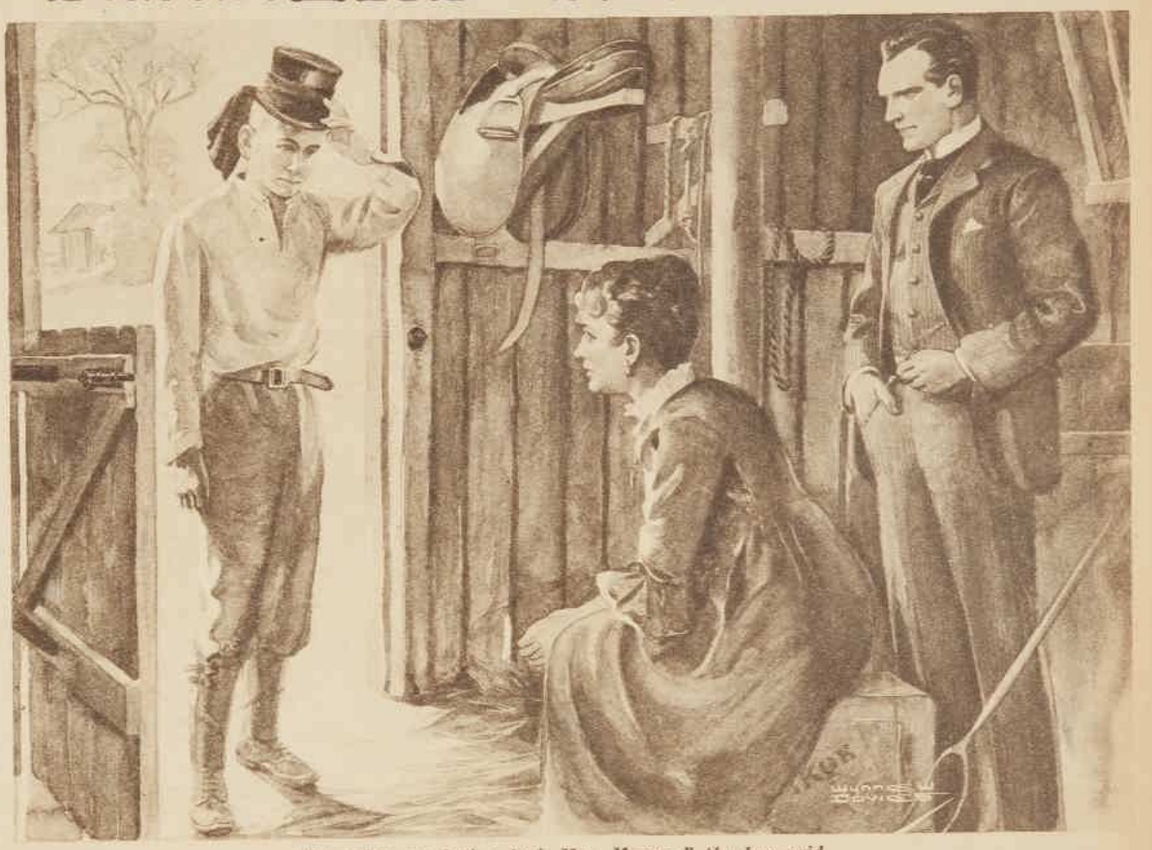
HARRY FORD, postmaster in a small Australian country town, intercepts a letter from EILEEN MAHONEY, telling popular LARRY WARD that the man she is to marry is called "Larry Ward." In love with Eileen himself, Ford alters the name to his own, reseals the letter, and gives it to Larry, who disappears shortly afterwards.

A search by HENNESSY, local schoolmaster, CONSTABLE BURKE, Ford, and other townspeople fails to locate him, while DR. HANSEN reports seeing a demented figure rush past his buggy in the darkness.

Ford meanwhile has discovered a secret love affair between HELEN, beautiful wife of blind, vindictive TIMOTHY SPEEK, and GARNET PRICE, wealthy young farmer, complicated by the fact that Speek thinks that Larry is Helen's secret admirer. Approaching Speek's house at night, Ford hears the blind man abusing Price, under the impression that he is Larry, then sees Helen substitute a different chocolate for one her husband was about to eat.

Ford goes away hurriedly, almost colliding with POLLY GARNER, a spinster who lives in the town with her sister, AGATHA. Late that night, at the hotel where he lives, he hears someone sobbing in the room of MRS. MARVEN, the vivacious proprietress.

Now read on—



"It makes me feel a fool, Mrs. Marven," the boy said, putting on the hat.

LONG before the dressing bell rang next morning I was awakened by a knock on my door and found the hotel "boots" grinning on the mat, an envelope in his grimy hand. He handed it to me with a disgustingly knowing look.

"I was told to give this to you personally and at once," he informed me, and shuffled off to retail goodness knows what gossip to the housemaid and cook.

I had a premonition of trouble as I broke the seal. The note was from Agatha Garner, asking would I call and see her without delay. "It is of the utmost importance," she had added as a postscript.

I dressed immediately and walked to her home and was glad that no one saw me enter the gate, for it was an unorthodox hour at which to make a call on a lady, and might well have started tongues wagging.

Agatha was waiting at the door and beckoned me into her little, over-furnished front parlor.

"Mr. Ford," she began, breathlessly. "I am at my wit's end. I am sure something dreadful has happened. My sister is in such a state. She came home last night frightened and hysterical. I've never seen her like it before, and I wanted to send for the doctor, but she wouldn't hear of it, and he's always so busy, isn't he?

"But she's been tossing and turning all night, and, early this morning, she asked me could I get you to come round. Whatever is it, Mr. Ford?"

I felt some secret anxiety, but I said: "I haven't the slightest idea, Miss Agatha. Where is Miss Polly?"

"She's dressing," she told me, and no sooner had she spoken than the door opened and her sister joined us. She was red-eyed and looked far from well, and Agatha hurried to her side and led her to the sofa. They sat there together facing me, like two dolls, Agatha patting her sister's hand.

"Forgive me for asking you to call round like this, Mr. Ford," Miss Polly began with an effort at calmness, "but I had to tell someone, and, oh," she broke off, and began to sob, "it's all some awful dream. It can't be true."

Her sister looked at me meaningly as she soothed her.

"Take your time, Miss Polly," I said kindly.

She pulled herself together.

"After I ran into you coming out of Mr. Speek's house last night," she said, "I went on to old Mrs. Codd's. She's been sick and I'd promised to take her some things. I was only there a little while. She wanted some smelling salts as her head was bad, and I told her I'd hurry home and get some. Then, when I was passing Speek's place, I saw a light and I thought I'd borrow the salts from Helen."

She paused a moment and then went on: "I ran down the path to the side door. It was open, Mr. Ford, and—and Mr. Speek was standing in the room all by himself, staring with those awful eyes, and, oh, it was terrible! He had the most dreadful expression on his face. I could see he was ill and I ran forward to help, and caught his sleeve, but he sank down in his big chair and I heard him say: 'Ford! Poison'—just those two words.

"Then—" she gave a frightened look at her sister—"then, Agatha—he—he died."

She began to sob anew. Miss Agatha's face had gone deathly white, but in a flash, she was on her feet, shaking her sister's shoulder.

"Polly," she cried. "What are you saying? How do you know he died?"

"Oh, I know, I know," Polly sobbed. "It was terrible."

"But why didn't you call someone—Helen?"

"I don't know. I was terrified. I just wanted to get away from that awful place. I ran out of the room. I don't know how I got home. I was frantic."

Miss Agatha spoke to me. "Mr. Ford; we must go and tell Mr. Burke."

"Just a moment, Miss Agatha," I said, and turned to her sister. "Now, think again, Miss Polly. You say you heard two words—'Ford' and 'poisoned'?"

She nodded.

"Might he not have said, 'Ward poisoned'?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried vehemently. "I am sure it was your name—and, afterwards I—I remember seeing you come running out of his place and I wondered whether you had seen——" she broke off, helplessly.

I was suddenly aware that Agatha was staring at me curiously, but I pretended not to notice. "Did anyone see you when you left Speek's?" I asked Polly.

She shook her head.

I breathed more easily. "Let me think," I said, and paced up and down. Miss Agatha interrupted my thoughts.

"Mr. Ford," she said, "I don't think we should stay here another minute. We should all go and see Constable Burke and tell him what we know—at once."

I paused in my stride and said earnestly: "If what Miss Polly tells us is really a fact, why haven't we heard something? If it happened, it happened hours ago."

By Australian Author

A. E. MARTIN

"Perhaps Helen is away," Miss Agatha suggested.

"No, she's home," I said, and was sorry I had spoken.

"Then we'd better go and see Mr. Burke without delay," Agatha began, but I interrupted.

"Listen, Miss Agatha and Miss Polly. Why should you be mixed up in this thing? Nobody knows what Miss Polly saw except you and me. If it is true, and I can still hardly credit it, it will mean endless worry and trouble for you both."

"But——" Agatha began.

"Believe me," I urged, "I speak for your own good. You cannot imagine how unpleasant it will be. There will be ceaseless questioning and public examination—policemen, lawyers, and all that."

"But, Mr. Ford," Agatha said. "It would be wrong."

"Besides," Polly added, "he spoke of—poison."

I made a gesture of exasperation. It was a mistake. With more patience I might have wheedled these little spinsters into a promise of silence. A little more tact and they would have been my friends, seeing my point of view, as eager as I was to escape scandal and avoid all the unpleasant publicity. But I took the wrong way and awakened in them a suspicion that I had some ulterior motive.

"It's too absurd!" I cried, "to have us all pulled into this sordid thing, to have ourselves dragged through a filthy inquest all because Miss Polly imagines she heard my name. Is it fair to me that she should repeat this silly tale that will give birth to all sorts of offensive rumors? You know the reputation Helen Speek has in some quarters?"

Agatha Garner said simply: "I never believed those things."

"Well, you might have," I retorted tartly, "if you knew what really happened between her and Larry Ward and the man you say is dead. I tell you, Miss Polly, the name you heard Speek utter was 'Ward.' You think you saw me outside the house and you have confused the two names."

The little woman shook her head resolutely. Her composure was rapidly returning.

"It was your name, Mr. Ford," she said firmly, and I felt uneasy under her steady gaze. She turned to her sister. "Get your hat, Agatha."

"Wait," I ordered. "I am not going to permit my name to be trampled in the mud like this. If you care nothing for your own reputation, Miss Polly, I do for mine. This thing might jeopardise my whole future. I forbid you to spread this ridiculous story."

Her tiny form stiffened.

"Listen, Miss Polly," I said, firmly, and gazing directly into her eyes, "I—did—not—see you last night. I was nowhere near Speek's."

They faced me, those little women, their hands instinctively seeking each other's.

"And," I continued, "I warn you both, supposing he is dead, against repeating what Miss Polly claims to have heard."

"We will tell the truth, Mr. Ford," Agatha said, coldly.

"All right," I said, "If you must you must, but, remember, your sister has already directed suspicion on herself by her delay in reporting Speek's death."

"It was a mistake," Agatha said, "but Mr. Burke will understand. It would be silly to suspect Polly."

"I don't know, Miss Agatha," I replied, "You must remember she hated Speek. I heard her tell you that myself."

Agatha looked her astonishment, but Polly drew in her breath sharply.

I made a shot in the dark.

"Perhaps I know why," I said quietly. "You remember, Miss Polly, outside the post office you said to your sister, referring to Speek, 'I think he knows.' Well, Speek did know. He told me all about it yesterday."

The effect of this announcement was instantaneous. Polly burst into tears, and threw herself on the sofa, and Agatha hurriedly put her arms about her. I picked up my hat and went to the door.

"You see how unutterably foolish it would be to wantonly drag yourselves into this thing," I said. "We had nothing to do with it. Our consciences are clear. Let us keep our own counsel. So far as you are concerned, if Speek is dead, his evil tongue can spread no more scandal. Only I know, and you may rely on my discretion. After all, is there any earthly reason why we should be dragged into this discreditable affair, to be examined as to who we are, and what we are?

"Believe me, I've seen it happen. Innocent witnesses trying to speak the truth made to look worse than the criminal in the dock! No, Miss Agatha, and you especially Miss Polly, mark my words—stay out of this."

Please turn to page 20

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727898

"Most admired of the Bride's presents . . . ."

To anticipate a social note upon a fashionable post-war wedding—*". . . . and the most admired among the bride's presents was a set of satin-bound Warrnambool Blankets, in her favourite pastel shades."* For Victory will flaunt in her train a pageantry of colour, a natural reaction to years of drab austerity. Furnishings, linen, hangings—yes, and your sheets and blankets, too, will be coloured to complement the decor of your rooms and fill your home with gaiety.

But colour will not be the only new quality of your post-war Warrnambool Blankets. They will be unique for their new, scientific weave ensuring cosier warmth without undue weight.

Until Victory comes, Warrnambool Blankets must continue to be made to wartime specifications. But in the happier days ahead there will be released, for the beautifying of your home, satin-bound glories of the downiest merino wool from the famous flocks of Victoria's Western District—Warrnambool Blankets in glowing shades of the softest pastel Peach, Iris, Primrose, Orchid, and Lily.

Warrnambool

BLANKETS and RUGS

WARMER WOOL FROM WARRNAMBOOL

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727899

REALLY FOR JANET

A pretty girl meant more to him than a prejudice

"Bill, I want you to meet one of my greatest friends," Janet said, smiling at Old Ham.

By JOHN STURDY

HIS name was Old Ham, but he wasn't old. He was not much past forty, and he was a strong man, with a lean face that had tanned a deep brown from years on the Cove and at sea. But he had grown up young, and it seemed someone had called him Old Ham once, and the name had stuck.

This was Ham's Cove, barren and wind-swept, on the Nova Scotian coast, and the barrier of rocks a mile out to sea was called Ham's Barrier, because once, in a pinch, he had run his ship in between the rocks and the shore, a feat, so the old-timers said, no other man on the coast could have brought off.

To Janet Miller he was something permanent, like the Cove, and something dear, too, like the rest of the priceless things that were mixed up with her childhood. She could remember Old Ham from the beginning. And now at twenty, she was his closest friend.

She spent most of the summer on the point, at her father's big summer home just round from Old Ham's, and there were not many days that she did not see him.

She knew about his disappointments. She got them out of him somehow. She knew about the day war had been declared, and Old Ham had dressed himself in a suit and gone into Halifax to enlist. The Navy, of course.

They had turned him down on account of his eyes.

"Look," Old Ham had said, "I can split a twig with a rifle bullet."

"We're sorry. Your eyes."

And Old Ham had boiled up inside. "Eyes!" he had shouted. "I don't need eyes! I can smell my way along this coast! Give me a ship—and I'll show you what I can do with her."

He had come back to Ham's Cove, bitterly disappointed and hurt inside, because he figured he was still young and he wanted to be in this thing. And he called Dr. Price from the village and asked him; and the doctor said, "Well, you're not blind, Ham, but they have standards and they have to keep to them."

"But I'm a seaman," Old Ham had protested. "I know more about ships, steam and sail, than any of those—" And then he had stopped abruptly.

"Personally," the Doc had said, "I'd forget the eyes and think about that appendix of yours. You're a stubborn mule, Ham. For three months I've told you to get it cut out. One of these days that useless bit of insides will blow up and you'll be in a sweet stew."

"I hate hospitals. They smell."

"So do undertaking parlors."

"Well, I won't smell anything, will I?"

Janet knew about the appendix. "You're just plain silly, Ham," she said.

"Sure, Janet," he said. "Did you see the fog roll in this morning? Did you see it come over the barrier, and sit down on the rocks, one after another, and take them away from you?"

Listening to him talk like that, she knew she was defeated. "Oh, Ham!" she'd say despairingly, and let it go at that . . .

From his personal throne on the headlands he could often see the convoys moving out toward England.

He was sitting this afternoon on a rock, with his face toward the sea and a pipe between his lips, when he heard steps approaching, and, turning, he saw Janet climbing up the hill to meet him.

Before she reached him she was calling, "Ham, did you see her? Did you see her?" and he nodded in return. She was excited when she sat down beside him.

"They've changed her. But I couldn't mistake the Mary Belle. Did you know?"

Ham nodded. "Dr. Price told me," he said. "She looked different — didn't she? —painted grey all over and a gun on her bow. The Navy got her from the man your dad sold her to, that's what the Doc says. She's got a new name, too."

"It must," said Janet, "it must have made you feel funny when you saw her."

"It did." It had made him feel very funny, all clogged up inside, and the appendix had had nothing to do with it. He had seen her far off from shore, but had recognised the lines of her—His Majesty's Canadian Ship, she was called now, but he had known her as the Mary Belle, and he had been master of her. He knew her like he knew the Cove and the rocks of Ham's Barrier. And he had thought of the young lieutenant who had turned him away because of his eyes.

"I wondered if you had seen her," Janet said. "I was sitting on the verandah, and suddenly I looked out — She was your favorite ship, wasn't she, Ham?"

"None better," he agreed. "Who's that coming up the hill—a friend of yours?"

"It's Bill. I ran ahead of him. I was so excited."

"Bill?" Then he nodded, and smiled a little. "Uh-huh," he murmured. "I guessed it was a friend." The figure climbing slowly up the hill was in a naval uniform, and as it drew closer Old Ham saw one wavy gold stripe on the arm of the blue jacket.

"I'm in love, Ham," Janet said.

"I reckoned you would be one of these days. He's a sailor, I see."

"A sub-lieutenant. He's getting a ship this week. We'll be married when he comes back off his first patrol. I'm happy, Ham."

"Yep, I can see that."

He rose as Janet went to meet the young man in the blue uniform. It was new. The gold braid glinted in the sunlight and the brass buttons were still shiny.

"Bill, I want you to meet one of my greatest friends," Janet said, smiling at Old Ham. The young man's face was a good-looking and friendly one, and Old Ham liked it at first sight.

"Come up to the house and I'll make you a cup of tea," he invited.

He brewed a cup of tea in the kitchen. He made good tea. And he heard Janet explaining the pictures on the walls of the little living-room, the pictures of his own ships and those of his father.

"I guess those pictures make you feel kind of at home," he said to the young man.

"It's quite a collection," said Bill.

"Bit different from Navy ships," Old Ham said. "Ever sailed in a schooner?"

"Bill's a volunteer reserve officer," Janet interrupted.

"What's that?"

"Well, you see," the boy said, "I've joined up for the duration."

"Merchant service before?"

The boy looked at Janet. She said, a little irritably, "The V.R.'s come from civilian life, Ham—you should know that."

Old Ham looked surprised. "You mean, you've never been to sea?"

"No."

Old Ham reached for his pipe.

"That's a fine-looking uniform," he said slowly. Janet turned to him with lips tight, but he ignored her. "I tried to enlist, but they didn't want me. I thought if a man's been to sea in steam and sail like me, maybe, if a war came along he could join the Navy and they could use him. But if a man was in a shore job, well —I guess I don't understand."

The boy in uniform colored slightly. "I don't think you do," he said abruptly. "The Navy needs a lot of officers. And it has to train them—fellows like me."

"Aye," said Old Ham, "But still, I don't understand."

"You're talking like an idiot," Janet said.

"A sailor's a sailor," said old Ham.

"Maybe I can be a sailor, too," the boy said. "I'm trying to help fight a war, anyway. I don't feel bad, even if you do own a fishing boat."

Old Ham put his pipe on the table. "Young fellow," he said. "Young fellow in your uniform, I own a fishing boat. So did my father and his father. And some of the boats they sailed, and I sailed, were the biggest schooners that ever beat their way to the Banks. I lost two brothers in those 'boats' as you call them. I got practically weaned in one—weaned on stale water and hardtack, and there are plenty of kids along this shore now that are the same, and they don't wear gold braid, and that's why I don't understand and I guess I never will."

Janet had risen to her feet. "I'd like to go now, Bill," she said. The young officer followed her to the door, and then, turning, he said to Old Ham, "I guess you don't understand—about a lot of things."

Left alone, Old Ham felt sorry. He had not meant to be rude to the boy, Janet's boy. But if they could use that boy, why couldn't they use Ham? Eyes? What good would eyes be to that landlubber kid in his brand-new uniform?

Old Ham went to bed. He was getting pains in his stomach . . .

He waited a week and Janet did not come to visit him. And he felt sorry, and he went over to the big Miller place to see her. But she was in the city. And Mr. Miller, who was there, asked, "What's happened between you and Janet? She's mad at you, Ham."

"The boy——" he said. "He got my dander up, I guess. Never been to sea in his life, wearing an officer's uniform."

Mr. Miller nodded. "I know how you feel, Ham," he said. "But he's a good boy. He's going to be my son-in-law. The kids are fighting this war, Ham, and maybe you and I should remember the last one, and understand about Janet. He might not come back to her."

. . . . . .

The fog was in that morning, three weeks later, close up over the Cove and settling on the ground round the house. Old Ham had got out of bed, but he had not moved far, only to the kitchen. When little Freddie from the farm came to the door with the milk he said, "Freddie, you run into the village and get hold of Dr. Price. Tell him to come out here."

The boy looked frightened. "You sick, Mister Ham?" he asked.

"Just a pain. But maybe the doc'll have a pill for it. Now you run along."

"Sure thing," the youngster said, and flew out the door.

Old Ham went into the living-room and sat by the window, waiting for the fog to clear over the Cove. It came up slowly, hanging over the rocky beach, and then moving out gradually. And then he saw her. He rose to his feet and walked to the door, flinging it open.

She was inside the barrier, motionless in the water, her masts shrouded in the fog, looking as though she had been stripped to her hull. Old Ham got his glasses, and through them he scanned every foot of her. She was not grounded, he felt certain. But she was caught. If they moved her they would pile her on the rocks. How she had got in without ripping herself to pieces he did not know.

Please turn to page 43

I. ROCHIN & SONS PTY. LTD.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727900

A DATE IN BETHESDA

By . . .
PAT FRANK

The craziest trip of a lifetime—but Johnny just couldn't escape

"You're all wrong, Sergeant," Prudence protested, flinging her arms around Johnny's neck.

IT was the kind of signpost you will find wherever there are Engineers, U.S. Army, and they have welded steel to the land and called it an air strip. It rose at the end of a strip carved from the souring, waterlogged jungle of Malopan, Dutch New Guinea.

Under this signpost, cross-legged on the steel matting, sat Johnny Glendenning.

He wore a tropic uniform so discolored by sweat and jungle ooze that he seemed to be expertly camouflaged. His G.I. shoes were balls of mud, the three top buttons of his shirt were unfastened or missing, and all that distinguished him as an officer and gentleman was a single tarnished silver bar pinned to his bedraggled collar.

Alternately he was holding a thumb-smudged V-Mail letter close to his sunburned nose, and addressing the signpost. He told the signpost: "Darling, I'm sorry, but I cannot keep that date."

He was not talking to the top pointer, which aimed due north and said, "Tokio—2900 Miles," nor to the pointer that announced Sydney, Australia, to be twenty-six hundred miles in the opposite direction. He was not talking to Calcutta, Chungking, or Port Moresby, five hundred and eighty savage miles east along the coast.

Johnny Glendenning was holding a conversation, aloud and earnestly, with the bottom pointer, "Washington, D.C.—10,142 Miles."

"Honey," he said, "there is not one chance that, at 6 o'clock on the morning of February 11, we will meet in Union Station and catch the Bethesda bus and sit in the back seat and make love. There is not one chance."

Four R.A.A.F. Boomerangs taxied to the other end of the strip, and then broke into the thunder of take-off for their evening patrol. Johnny Glendenning did not see or hear them.

"Prudence," he said, consulting his letter, "it is all right for you to say you will be waiting, two years to the minute and the hour and the day, as you promised. It sounds very romantic. But for seven weeks you haven't bothered to write. Even if I could keep that date, which of course I cannot because it is already February 7, how do I know you would be there to meet me?"

Then he stopped, because he felt she would be there. She was that kind of girl.

"I'm sorry, Prudence," he told the signpost, and he could see for a moment the exact shade of her taffy-colored hair and grey eyes.

"I am very sorry," he went on. "Don't you know that I am going to be here forever? I have been here forever, and I am going to stay here forever. I will be here on February 11, and for the next fifty years. I am going to become a kiakia, and wear nothing but a small seashell, and centuries from now anthropologists will find a strange red-headed race living near the Malopan River, and it will be a mystery in the papers once a year."

From behind the dense bamboos, in the region inhabited by Headquarters and Service Company, there jolted an explosion, accompanied by considerable blast. This was the Retreat Gun of the Second Battalion, 419th Engineers.

It was not strictly a gun. The Second Battalion had no gun. It had misplaced its 37mm. anti-tank weapon in its first clumsy landing, almost two years before, and it had lost its 75 not long after, on a day when the Japs came in force over Darwin. So now the Second Battalion used a few sticks of gelignite for retreat and reveille, and considered a saluting cannon sissy.

Johnny got to his feet, slipped his letter into his hip pocket, and trudged down Jeep Alley toward the one-room, palm-roofed structure on stilts which bore the sign: "U.S. Army—Officers' Club and Mess."

He was last in. He sat in his accustomed place on the long bench, mechanically stabbed two balls of chopped meat on to his plate, and sniffed them. "Zebuburgers!" he announced. "Zebuburgers! I am ashamed to look a zebu in the face."

"Me," said Captain Slats Toomey, scratching his lumpy chest, "I am growing a hump from eating zebu."

At the head of the table the old colonel cocked his head on its side so his good ear would miss nothing. "A zebu," he said, "at least looks like a cow. In New York they are eating horse meat."

"Isn't that awful!" said Broadway Zucca. "Isn't that just awful! I am so tickled to be in Malopan, New Guinea, right now, eating something called a zebu which I have been eating three times a day for nine months and which looks a little like cow, instead of being in New York, where I could have nothing but horse meat and Scotch and sodas and nineteen beautiful blondes and could go to a show every night, and after the show maybe to the Stork or Twenty-One. Oh, yes, I am so tickled!"

"If we only had that movie projector——" said Johnny Glendenning wistfully.

"So little Johnny wants to go to the movies," said Slats Toomey. "Me, I want to get out of this hole."

Johnny said, "What are you fellows griping about? I'm supposed to be married in three days—four, I guess, considering the time change—in a church, in Bethesda, Maryland."

Broadway Zucca laughed. He laughed as if nothing was funny. "You going to get married," he said, "and you haven't had a letter in seven weeks!"

"Who has?" asked Johnny.

The old colonel refilled his coffee cup, and the wrinkles grew round his mouth and forehead. The lack of mail was the worst. It wrecked morale. But it was only part of the mystery. There was the matter of the movie projector. It should have reached them months before, but all he had ever received was a note from Special Services, addressed to the Commanding Officer, Malopan, and saying that since the Second Battalion, 419th Engineers, had been relieved, the projector would not be sent.

"I think," said the colonel, "that I'll write again for that movie projector."

"It will be here in time for what war?" inquired Broadway Zucca.

Johnny thoughtfully ate his salt tablet, vitamin pill, and atabrine, one by one.

"Colonel," he said, "do you think they could have forgotten us? We finished this strip three months ago, and always before they moved us as soon as we finished a strip."

"Absurd!" said the colonel. "I'll admit this is a very peculiar war, and that the Army has made officers out of peculiar people." He looked up at Zucca and Toomey. "But who ever heard of the War Department forgetting a whole battalion?"

"Still," insisted Johnny, "the First Battalion has been home since November."

The colonel stared into the bottom of his coffe cup. It was strange, he thought, not getting any new orders. But what could he do? The commander of a unit didn't write to G.H.Q. and ask whether, perhaps, he had been forgotten. When the Army sent you somewhere you stayed there until you were ordered out. But perhaps a judicious inquiry——

The colonel lifted his head. "Gentlemen," he said, "it is, as I said, absurd to think that we have been forgotten, and left to rot here in Malopan. But just to ease your minds, I am going to send a delegation to Australia."

"Leave!" interrupted Toomey. "I can see myself in Sydney right now! Those Sydney babes!"

"The delegation," said the colonel, "is not going to Sydney. We are sending a delegation of one, because that is all we can spare. He is to go to Allied Headquarters and discreetly—discreetly, mind you—approach engineer officers at Headquarters who might know something about when we are to be relieved. It is a very delicate undertaking. If the officer I select even hints that we might feel we have been forgotten, or lost, he had better not come back."

"Who," asked Toomey, "is the officer?"

"I'm selecting Lieutenant Glendenning," said the colonel. "He is a bit younger than the rest of you, but a good deal more tactful, and at least he knows enough about the Army to respect his superiors."

"Teacher's pet," growled Broadway Zucca.

"I'm giving him six days' rest leave," said the colonel. "There's a transport due in to-morrow morning to refuel. Bound for Townsville. I will send a signal to the Army Transport Command, and arrange for him to be on it. Good evening, gentleman."

The colonel rose and left the mess.

. . . . . .

It was the largest four-motored job that had ever put down on the strip at Malopan, and the largest transport plane Johnny had ever seen.

"My name," the captain said, "is Jarnegan—call me Jiggs. This is Mac Brown, my co-pilot; Coombs, navigator; Rankin, radio! and Pulaski, engineer. We were," he explained, as if it were quite important, "all on airlines before the war."

"That's fine," Johnny said. To him they seemed a sophisticated, worldly lot, like advertisements of flying officers' uniforms in a men's magazine. He was immediately conscious of his tunic, faded and bearing signs

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727901

"Why don't you come on to Broome with us?" the captain asked affably.

of mildew, and of his best shoes, from which he had never been able to quite keep the green mould.

The C-54, he learned, had been loaded with fighter wings for an advance base on the other side of the island. Now it was on the way back, carrying damaged engines for reconditioning.

Johnny was the only passenger. It was, he decided after the take-off, like riding in an empty box-car. He fell asleep, and when he awoke the transport was on the ground. His ears ached and sang.

"Townsville already?" he asked Pulaski, the engineer.

"No. Horn Island."

"What's the trouble?"

"Don't know. We never stop here. Skipper'll tell you."

The captain was apologetic. "We got radio orders," he said, "to put down here. Don't know why. I'm afraid this may cut a day off your leave."

"Haven't had leave for nigh on to two years," said Johnny, "so one more day won't matter much."

"I understand the Aussies have a pretty good mess here," said the captain. "Don't play poker, do you?"

"I do some," said Johnny. As a good poker player, he didn't think it was necessary to tell exactly how much poker he had played. There was no use to announce that in Malopan there was nothing else to do except play poker, and that he had been urged by his victims to write a book on the game, come peace.

They played table stakes.

At two in the morning, when Johnny was apologetically winning the last big pot, the captain was saying in awe: "You're a very lucky guy. Up until to-night I was called the Scourge of the Pacific. How much did you win?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Johnny. "Whatever you fellows lost, I guess."

The five A.T.C. men examined him, coldly and grimly. "When we get to Townsville," the captain suggested, "I think we'd better have another game."

"Oh, sure," said Johnny.

He was awakened in the morning by the captain shaking his shoulder. "Glendenning," the captain said, "I've got bad news for you."

"Yes?" Johnny inquired sleepily. "Do they have coffee in this place?"

"I think you will have plenty of time to find out," Jiggs said, "because my plane just got new orders. We're to unload what we've got here, and head west for Broome. Special job there. Don't know what it is."

"Where does that leave me?" Johnny asked.

"It leaves you on Horn Island—right smack between New Guinea and Australia."

Johnny considered this. After he had crawled into his cot, and tucked in the mosquito bar, he had counted his winnings. He had two thousand one hundred and ten American dollars, eighty-four Hawaiian dollars, twenty Fiji pounds, and ninety pounds ten shillings Australian.

"I suppose," Johnny suggested, "that means no poker game in Townsville."

"I'm afraid not." The captain did not look happy. Later, when the plane was almost ready to take off, he and the others crowded about Johnny. "Why don't you come on to Broome with us?" the captain asked affably. "After all, that will put you in Australia, although a bit to the west."

"Yes," said Johnny, "just a mere matter of about twenty-eight hundred miles west of where I'm going."

Jiggs snapped his fingers. "What's that?" he inquired. "Just a spit for a C-54. Nine or ten hour hop. We're sure to be ordered right back—probably direct to Sydney or Brisbane."

"This all sounds snafu," said Johnny.

"Oh, no, fellow. Be there by dark. May stay the night. May take off on the return right away. Might be in Sydney to-morrow morning this time."

"Kind of a rugged trip."

"Not as rugged," said Jiggs, "as spending six days rest leave on Horn Island. There's no telling when another ship will come through here."

"Oh!" said Johnny.

"And to-night, of course, we can play poker in Broome," said Jiggs.

In Broome, the crew of the C-54 invested in what was likely the only quart of real rye whisky on the west coast of Australia. Johnny knew that a really good poker player does not drink at all, but he took a few. His luck held, and his bluffs all seemed to work. He felt comfortable, and warm, and a little sleepy.

A SERGEANT entered their room and handed Jiggs a big envelope. There was a smaller envelope inside it. The smaller envelope had five red seals on its back.

Jiggs opened the small envelope, read the paper inside, and handed it to Brown, the co-pilot.

"Couldn't we play just another hour?" Brown asked. "I'm two hundred out on to-night, and you know what I dropped last night."

"They've gassed and serviced us," said Jiggs unhappily, "and we've got to move."

"Are we going to Sydney?" Johnny inquired, pulling a stock of bills from the table and thrusting them into his pocket.

Jiggs' face twisted. "Well, not exactly," he said. "As a matter of fact, we are going to make quite a hop—quite a hop indeed—to Colombo, Ceylon."

"Where's that?" Johnny asked, measuring one more small drink of rye.

"Oh, it's in that direction," said Jiggs, pointing.

"Isn't that the way I'm going?"

"Frankly, no. But come to think about it, you might save time by coming with us. Chances are you couldn't get an R.A.A.F. plane out of here for G.H.Q. to-morrow, or even the day after. And by that time we'll probably be back here, and then it's just a matter of nine or ten hours back across Australia, and there you are all safe and sound at Headquarters, and still with a few days' leave."

Johnny took the small drink. This was the first rye he had seen since a day long ago in San Francisco. In all his life he never before had felt so confident and capable. "Well," he said, "what are we waiting for?"

In Colombo, they took four admirals and a British field-marshal aboard, and Johnny won six hundred and fifty, including travellers' cheques. Jiggs explained that it wasn't his fault they weren't going back to Australia, although he was very sorry, and if it wasn't for four admirals and the field-marshal and orders, he would very much like to go back to Australia.

In Karachi, Johnny tried to drown his remorse in Scotch, and lost the travellers' cheques, and the Fiji and Australian pounds before he put his forehead on the table and quietly went to sleep.

In Cairo they dropped off the four admirals and the field-marshal, and took aboard an American lieutenant-general, a Russian diplomat who was introduced as Mr. Smith, and twenty-two nurses.

At Algiers they dropped the nurses and the lieutenant-general, Johnny won back the Fiji and Australian pounds and the travellers' cheques, plus two I.O.U.'s, and they loaded two senators, an O.W.I. man with dysentery, and fifteen walking wounded paratroopers.

They swung straight for the Azores, and at Horta Johnny picked up an extra thousand in I.O.U.'s in a two-hour refuelling stop. If it hadn't been for the rum in Bermuda, he would have had Jiggs' house on Cape Cod, Brown's car, and the farm Pulaski claimed he owned in Georgia.

He was sleeping soundly, his pockets bulging with the cash of a half-dozen countries, when the C-54 picked up the American coast, swept across bays and curling rivers, circled a city, then dropped to a landing on a smooth concrete runway, and taxied into the floodlights before a cavernous hangar.

Jiggs came out of the flight deck and said, "It's going to be cold, old fellow. Want a loan of this coat while we stop here?" He held out a heavy sheep-lined flying coat.

"No, thanks," Johnny said. "This is Bolling Field, Washington, isn't it?"

"It is," said Jiggs.

"Well, this is where I get off," said Johnny. He wrestled his stained canvas bag toward the freight hatch.

"Oh, you don't want to get off here," Jiggs said. "How'll you get back to New Guinea?"

Please turn to page 10

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727902

MOTHER CRAFT

A TOPIC THAT IS ALWAYS NEW

Mothercraft is a never-ending vigil. Just as necessary through school years as in babyhood. And now—when every child must be on tip-toe with alertness—mother needs to realise how essential it is to keep the system functioning regularly with the gentlest and best children's aperient—Steedman's Powders.

For Steedman's, which are invaluable through teething time and babyhood, are just as beneficial during school years. They ensure that gentle regularity and purity of blood stream which maintain health and give zest to tackle the problem of growing up in a difficult world.

So give Steedman's Powders from teething to teens. Look for the double E.E. on every wrapper to ensure that they are genuine. Made only by John Steedman & Co., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

ECZEMA and Old Sores

Painful irritation of Eczema, and long-lived Sores that just won't go, should be treated with the deep-penetrating, cleansing, and healing action of Flexibar Ointment. It's fine, too, for Chilblains. Made to a new formula, with several active ingredients, this unusual ointment contains also ti-tree oil (regarded by some authorities as the most powerful anti-septic germicide).

It works into the under-skin tissue—penetrates fast into the sore infection, and rapidly starts helping to clear up even stubborn Eczema and other skin Sores.

FLEXIBAR OINTMENT

Price 2/- full-size jar. From Chemists and Stores. If unavailable locally, write to Flexibar Distributors, 375 Kent Street, Sydney, or 325 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. For generous FREE SAMPLE, write to "Flexibar," 375 Kent Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Date in Bethesda

Continued from page 9

"I DON'T know," Johnny said. "I don't know whether I'm going to New Guinea, or Leavenworth, Kansas, for ten years. But I know if I ever expect to get back to New Guinea, I'll never get back while you and the rest of you amateur poker players fly me round and round the world, trying to win back your losings."

"Oh, now just a second," Jiggs remonstrated. "We'll probably be shoving off for San Fran in a couple of hours, and be there this evening. Us, we'll probably get a little leave, because we've done a bit of flying the last four or five days. But we'll get you a ride right out. Have you back—"

"Sure," Johnny interrupted, "in plenty of time. But this is where I get out. I've got reasons." He beatitated.

"Jiggs," he said, "you are not such a bad guy, and I can see your point. But just let me tell you something. We could keep on going round and round the world forever, like the moon, but you could never beat me at poker. Never. You try to fill inside straights, and you always hold a kicker." Lieutenant Glendenning jumped to the ground, shivered, and ran for the hangar.

It turned out that customs wasn't interested in him. The traffic from Africa is too heavy to bother with every first lieutenant. A sleepy nurse looked at his chest for spots, popped a thermometer in his mouth, read it, and said, "You'd better not run round here in that outfit. This isn't the Sahara."

"What day is it?" Johnny inquired.

"Why, Friday."

"I mean what's the date?"

"Why, it's the eleventh, of course."

"Well, what time is it?"

"It's five in the morning," the nurse said. "What's the matter, are you bomb-happy?"

"Worse than that," Johnny said. "Much worse. Got any transportation?"

"Station waggons are outside," the nurse said, and shook her head. Strange cases came in these days. Like this one, with the wild look in his eyes, and sprouting a red beard.

At six in the morning Union Station, Washington, is just beginning to shake itself out of the dreary coma that holds it fast in the small hours.

She won't be here, Johnny thought, as he made his way to Gate 15. It was just one of those crazy things that people say when they get emotional.

"Darling," she had said, "how long is it going to last?" He'd guessed two years. "Two years," she had said, "to the minute and the hour, and the day, I'll meet you here, and we'll go out to Bethesda and get married." He'd said yes, of course.

The only people in sight near the gate were two M.P.'s, standing alone and aloof near the train board. Of course, she wouldn't be there. As far as he knew, he was still an A.P.O. number, care of the Postmaster, San Francisco, and—

And then he saw her coming. She walked as if she were dancing, and she kept on walking until she had walked into his arms. She didn't seem at all surprised that he should be there, not at first, when he was kissing her, but then she began to cry, and say things that didn't mean anything.

"Come on, honey, let's get out of here, and I'll tell you about it," Johnny said finally. Then he felt a large hand on his arm. They were not alone. There were two M.P.s with them. The M.P. sergeant said: "Lieutenant, you're not wearing a tie."

"Oh," said Johnny, "do you have to wear a tie round here?"

"You on furlough, lieutenant?" The sergeant said "lieutenant" as if he didn't mean it.

"Uh-huh," Johnny said. "Look, I'm in a hurry. I'll put on a tie soon as I can buy one. I just got in—"

"Mind if I see your orders?" the sergeant said.

Johnny rummaged in his pockets and found his wallet. He found the thin, folded sheet of paper, dated Malopan, New Guinea, February 7, beginning, "1. You are authorised and directed to proceed by first available Army Air transportation," and ending with, "3. You are to report back to your post not later than midnight, February 13 . . ."

The sergeant read it twice, sniffed at it, folded it, and put it in his breast pocket. "So you just dropped in from New Guinea on six days' rest leave?" he said.

"That's right," said Johnny.

"Were you travelling by rocket?"

"Sergeant," said Johnny, remembering that he was an officer and that the M.P. was, after all, a sergeant, "I just got in on the plane from Africa. You can call Bolling Field and ask for Captain Jarnegan. He'll——"

"Oh, that's the short route now," said the sergeant. "From New Guinea via Africa!"

"It's about the same, one way or another," Johnny said.

"All right, Joe, take him on the other side," said the sergeant, and put his big hand firmly through Johnny's arm. "Lady," he told the girl, "you better watch out for these phonies. They get into a uniform, and maybe pin some medals on their chest, and then claim they're a general."

Prudence had flung her arm round Johnny's neck. "You're all wrong, Sergeant," she protested. "He was in New Guinea, and he came back to keep his date, and I know him and I've known him all my life and—"

"Sure," said the sergeant, "you were in New Guinea with him. Come on, bud, don't struggle."

. . . .

The wide, carpeted room in the Pentagon Building held more brass than Johnny had ever before seen in one place in his Army career.

There was a square, stocky major-general of Engineers, almost like part of the furniture, behind a square, solid desk. There was a brigadier from the adjutant-general's department, assorted chicken colonels and lieutenant-colonels, a captain from the office of the provost-marshal, and the civilians trying to look inconspicuous in the corner were from the F.B.I.

"I will admit," said the general, looking not at Johnny, who stood before the desk, but at his auditors, "that almost anything can happen in this war. This man"—he nodded impersonally at Johnny—"has told you a story. It is a story that sounds like fiction, but in this case there will be no happy ending."

Johnny was tired. His sleeping and eating had not been very regular. He also was bored.

"This man," the general continued, "has attempted to perpetrate a fraud. He masquerades as a person attached to the Second Battalion of the 419th Engineers—God bless them—who for twenty long months built the air strips that enabled our gallant Fifth Air Force to defeat the Japs in the South-west Pacific. Except for one thing, his story is perfect."

THE general waited for a moment, and then he continued: "But one thing he does not know—I personally ordered the Second Battalion, 419th Engineers, back to the United States three months ago. They are now back home, and on furlough."

"Like fun," Johnny said. "They are still in Malopan, New Guinea."

"Colonel," said the general, nodding to an aide, "where is the Second Battalion, 419th Engineers?"

"Well, sir," the colonel said, "they were recalled three months ago, as you said."

"But where are they now?"

"As I remember, sir, they were ordered to Fort Meade."

Johnny stirred. "Are you trying to run a bluff?" he inquired, "because if you are, I'm calling it, and I dare you to telephone, right now, to Allied headquarters, and ask them where my outfit is."

WITH a purposeful gleam in his eyes, the general picked up a telephone. "Give me," he ordered; "the secret channel to Allied headquarters, Australia." He turned to Johnny. "I suppose," he said, "the War Department would mislay a battalion!" He listened for a moment, and then continued. "Especially a battalion commanded by the man who was my chief in the last war!"

"If I'm right," Johnny said, "will you let me go and tell me where to buy a tie and an overcoat, quick, because I have a date in Bethesda at noon?"

"If you are right," said the general. "I will do more than that." He raised his hand for silence, and then said, "This is Washington, give me the chief of staff!"

. . . .

The fastest transpacific transport, which never before had put in at Malopan, New Guinea, stopped there on the evening of February 14th. Only one passenger got out. He was Lieutenant Glendenning. He wore a new uniform, and with him he brought three handsome bags. His shoulders bore the faint scent and imprint of feminine powder.

He walked away from the strip, and down Jeep Alley until he came to the hut on stilts that was the officers' mess and club of the Second Battalion, 419th Engineers. He slapped a mosquito from the back of his neck, and noticed that his fellow officers were finishing their zebuburgers.

Toomey looked up and said: "Well, there's that very reliable, tactful, and courteous gentleman, Lieutenant Glendenning." Then he went on eating.

Zucca said, "Teacher's pet turned out to be a heel."

The colonel rose from the table, and straightened. He said: "Never before have I reprimanded an officer publicly. And I don't wish to do so now, until I have offered him a chance to explain himself. You've overstayed your leave a day, Glendenning, when you knew we had only two officers to the company. Where've you been?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you," Johnny began. "First, I flew round the world the wrong way."

Please turn to page 27

MRS. HOE, THE GARDEN LOVER

Mrs. Hoe will dig and sow
And goodness! How her vegies grow!
Her hands get filthy, for she loves
To dig without her garden gloves.
But Solvol gets her hands real *clean*
You'd never guess how black they'd been!

S.102.04

LAWRENCE LEONG
Ph.C. (Hongkong), M.P.S. (Sydney), F.C.S. (London)
Manufacturing and Consulting
CHINESE HERBALIST
Leading in Australia
Send Stamped and Addressed Envelope for Free "DISEASES AND REMEDIES" Booklet
Chalis House, Martin Place, Sydney
Telephone B2921

De Witt's Pills

A GREAT HELP FOR BACKACHE

Backache is often a sign of kidney trouble—heed the danger sign—cleanse and strengthen sluggish kidneys. De Witt's Pills, the trusted formula for prompt and sure relief.

Full directions with each bottle.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Of Chemists and Storekeepers everywhere; prices 1/9, 3/-, 5/9

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727903

SUMMER WHITE . . . *spiced with glowing color*

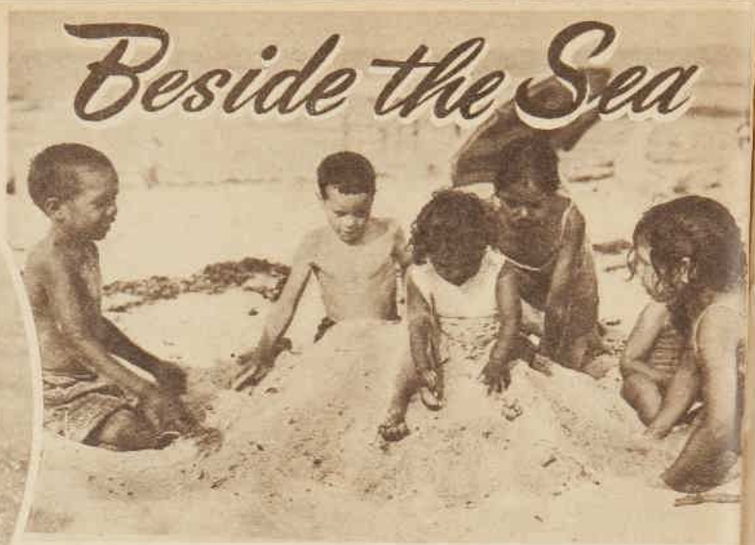
(Sketches from left to right)

- A cool, slender frock of white silk crepe pepped up with bright, multi-colored bands from bodice to hipline. Notice the brief sleeves and simple neck.
- A crisp white magyar jacket with slightly bloused top is garnished with blue bands to match the tailored blue skirt. With it a cute white Dutch cap.
- A casually tailored white overblouse introduces a splash of color with an appliqued red shoulder-strap. Team it with a trimly fitting blue skirt.
- A perfectly plain white frock achieves distinction with a shoulder-yoke and brief cape sleeves in lime-yellow, and a loose front panel of purple.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727904

Beside the Sea

"Oh, I do like to be beside the seaside."
—1909 song.



"Sweet childish days that were as long
As twenty days are now."
—Wordsworth.

"The more we are together."
—Popular song.

"A day in such serene enjoyment spent
Is worth an age of splendid discontent."
—James Montgomery.

"Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care."—Shakespeare.

"What are the wild waves saying?"
—Joseph Edwards Carpenter.

"He that walketh in the sun shall be tanned."
—David Tuvill, 1638.

"It is an art worthy the knowledge and patience of a wise man."
—Izaak Walton.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727905

"Absolutely nothing half so much worth while doing as simply messing around in boats."
—Water Rat in "The Wind in the Willows."

"Such a bright little, tight little,
Slight little, light little,
Trim little, slim little craft."
—W. S. Gilbert.

"Blessed are the sleepy for they shall soon drop off."
—Nietzsche.

"Oh, the brave fisher's life,
It is the best of any."
—Izaak Walton.

"And beauteous even where beauties most abound."—Byron.

—Photos by our cameraman, Jack Hickson.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727906

american beauties

who are enthusiastic users of Pond's two Creams

Such a simple—and effective beauty care

The world's most beautiful women depend on Pond's Two Creams for complete complexion care. You'll find it is only a matter of minutes to keep your skin at its loveliest, with Pond's. Each night, smooth silky-soft Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat. Pat it on with a light upward movement of the finger-tips, leave it on a few minutes to release dust and make-up, then wipe it off and revel in the flower-freshness of your skin. Always before you make-up, smooth on a gossamer film of fluffy, fragrant Pond's Vanishing Cream. It holds powder beautifully for hours.

MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES. Grand-niece of Mrs. James Roosevelt, she takes very good care of her beautiful complexion—with Pond's. She says: "I have used Pond's Creams for years."

MRS. C. HENRY MELLON, JR. Charming society hostess, with a gloriously smooth, fine-textured complexion. Her words: "I've found Pond's Two Creams all I need for my skin care."

Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing. Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener. At all chemists and stores in small or large jars, also handbag-size tubes. Pond's are happy to let you know that the supply situation is improving—it should be easier to get your favourite Pond's Creams from now on.

MRS. ERNEST L. BIDDLE. A lovely member of a leading American family. "Pond's makes my skin look so very nices," she says.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727907

Saw English lights go on again

Australian airman shared people's joy and relief

The joy of having lights on in England again could only be really understood by those who had lived through the years of blackout.

Mingled with the feeling of relief was the idea that the lights were a symbol of victory.

Sgt. D. E. Rowe, R.A.A.F., describes the lights coming on again in a letter to his parents at 15 Griffiths St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

"AFTER all these years of darkness, blitzes, flying-bombs, and the hit-and-run raiders, England, or the biggest part of it, has the lights back on again. What a wonderful sight it was to see them," he writes.

"Lights do not mean very much when you have them all the time. You just sort of take them for granted. It takes a war; the wailing of sirens; the wailing drone of Jerry motors and the whistle of the 'screamers' coming down, and the blackout to really appreciate these lights.

"No other country in the world, with the exception of Germany, has had such a complete mantle of blackness pulled over it.

"I can look back on many nights when it was necessary to walk along the streets with one hand running along the walls as a guide, and feeling for the kerbstones with cautious feet.

"When the only relief from a blackness, thick and heavy, was the reflection from the searchlights in the sky.

"You can then picture the relief and joy of all these people when, Presto! just like magic, the blackness has gone. The lights are on.

"Some idea of how deeply this thing had intruded into people's lives can be gathered from the story of the householder who surprised a burglar ransacking his premises.

"These two people closed in a furious struggle. The one in a desperate bid for liberty, and the other to protect what was left of his worldly possessions.

"As you may well imagine, their passions were really aroused, but during their fast and furious struggle they fell across the wall switch. Without hesitation or a word being spoken all was forgotten, and both dashed to pull the blackout curtains in their common cause.

"As soon as this was safely done, they picked up the threads of their private quarrel, and the struggle went on as before.

"I was in one of the big industrial cities when this miracle of street lights and flimsily curtained windows came back into being, and I saw some amazing sights. People came out of their houses to congregate in little groups under every street lamp to talk. Children were playing under the unfamiliar brilliance of electric lights. The picture-shows emptied their crowds on to the streets to just stand and gape.

"Maybe it is not very much yet, but, standing there watching all these strange sights, I could sense something more than joyous relief. There was optimism running high through these people as they gazed at their lights—their symbol of victory."

DARWIN TENTMATES. R.A.A.F. men in Darwin relax in front of their tent. Photo sent by Mrs. J. Tomley, Prince Street, Paddington, Brisbane, whose son, LAC J. Tomley, is on the right.

B.I.P.O.D. UNIT in N.G. Back row: Pte. L. Searle, L/Cpl. J. Langley, Pte. L. Roche, Pte. S. Corcoran, Pte. M. Cartwright. Front Row: Pte. Tatt, Cpl. C. Sevior, Pte. N. Symons. Sent by Miss Gladys Roche, 2 Geelong Road, Footscray, Vic.

IN AFRICA. Four Air Force boys enjoy a rickshaw ride in Africa while on their way to England. In front, on left, is Sgt.-Pilot Stan Denmeade. Photo sent by Mrs. E. Denmeade, 116 Cathedral St., East Sydney.

Sgt. G. A. Balmer, Central Mediterranean Forces, to his sister in Sydney:

"LEAVE will be good in Naples because of the Royal Palace Welfare Club. This N.A.A.F.I. institution was formerly King Victor Emmanuel's Royal Palace.

"It is a superb building, hot and cold showers, tremendous dining restaurant of four huge rooms, four liquor lounges, a theatre, snack bar, hairdressing saloon, and music-room. It is all marble, tiles, carvings, and murals. Officers are not admitted."

F/Sgt. H. J. Paine, R.A.A.F., in England, to his wife at 65 The Mall, Bankstown, N.S.W.:

"I HAD my wish and played on the centre court at Wimbledon, as I always wanted to. Anyone that can't play on that court should never play tennis. It is beautiful, a grand grass service and entirely surrounded by stands, some of which are missing owing to a bomb.

"I was drawn to play the No. 2 English Davis Cup player; but he did not turn up, so I played our Western Australian champion, and actually beat him.

"The dressing shed was a revelation to me. There was an attendant to look after us, towels, soap, hair oil, baths, and showers; in fact everything we could ask for."

A member of an R.A.A.F. Squadron in the Middle East to a friend at Unley, S.A.:

"THERE is little that I can tell you about this place, except that a plane crashed near the tent a few minutes ago, and that recently the armory blew up.

"Many shelters caved in, and the blast was terrific.

"The storms recently tore many of the tents to ribbons."

IF .....
Tears! and Temper!!
ARE HER DAILY ROUND

Suspect --- FAULTY ELIMINATION

Children suddenly cease to be their normal happy selves, when FAULTY ELIMINATION upsets their system. Thus *tears* and *temper* are the daily round.

FAULTY ELIMINATION can be corrected gently and effectively by Laxettes, the Chocolate Laxative children like and take **WILLINGLY.** Laxettes have been a family stand-by for years and are prepared strictly in accordance with the British Pharmacopoeia formula.

The Gentle, Effective Laxative for Children

LAXETTES
CORRECT FAULTY ELIMINATION

Price 1/7 Trial Size 6d.

Ask for FLIT The World Famous Insect Destroyer

LIMITED SUPPLIES AGAIN FOR CIVILIANS

Simple Way To Lift Corns Right Out

No Excuse for Cutting Corns.

Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the finger-tips, thanks to **Frozol-Ice,** says grateful user.

Only a few drops of **Frozol-Ice,** the new-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get from any chemist, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful and safe remover stops pain quickly, and does not spread on to surrounding healthy tissue. **Frozol-Ice** is a boon to corn-burdened men and women.

A good appearance helps get you that good job. Don't be left behind because of drab, blotchy skin! Put Rexona Soap to work on your complexion! This creamy, medicated lather floats poisons out of the pores . . . coaxes your skin back to beauty. No other soap contains all Rexona's valuable medicaments. Use Rexona regularly to keep skin soft and smooth, radiant as a rose.

REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona Compound comprising Oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth and Bornyl Acetate—all recognised valuable Skin Medicaments.

X.40.26

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727908

They'll be with you again LATER

We are not making these famous golf balls now because the materials usually used in their manufacture are doing a war job. We share your disappointment but assure you that as soon as possible after Victory is won we shall have supplies of your first priority ball . . .

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727909

British V.A.s sought after as dancing partners

SNAKE HUNTING in bush round camp. Ruth Stone and Margaret Soul, British V.A.s, quartered near Sydney, pending transfer to naval hospitals, didn't believe the tall snake stories told by their Digger friends, but they are wary just the same.

BIRD'S NEST pointed out to Patricia Clarke, of Cheshire (left), and Laurel Easterbrook, of Devon (right), by Pte. Betty Parkes, A.A.M.W.S.

FIRST TO WED in Australia, British V.A. Kay Trevett and Commander W. H. Kingswood, R.N., leaving St. James' Church, King Street, Sydney, after their marriage. They met on way to Australia.

Attached to Royal Navy, they will serve in hospitals

By VICKI ANDERSON

"We love your bananas, your barn dances, and the combination of shyness and devilment in your Diggers—we hate your heat, dust, and mosquitoes."

Royal Navy Voluntary Aids expressed these sentiments through a "no punches pulled" spokeswoman when I visited the camp, near Sydney, where they have been quartered.

ROSY - COMPLEXIONED, the girls include a Commandant who drove ambulances in France during the last war and an Admiral's daughter.

They're not quite certain whether or not they'd really like to live in Australia, but they are tremendously grateful for the open-hearted friendliness of Australians—men and women.

They're intrigued by the smart frocking of Australian women, city lights, stocked cosmetic counters, and hope chests.

"Especially the hope chests," laughed pretty Patricia Clarke, of Cheshire.

"We had a fascinating time getting together with some Australian Voluntary Aids over their hope chests.

"Back home we girls have a similar little hopeful institution which we coyly refer to as the 'bottom drawer,' but it neither sounds nor is as exciting as your hope chests."

When I visited the girls in the hot, dusty bush camp, where they are being quartered pending transfer to naval hospitals, I found most of them scrubbing, starching, or ironing their white-drill uniforms.

"This goes on day after day," said London lass Naomi Super, attacking the heavy white drill with an iron.

"We envy the Aussie V.A.s in their smart khaki. When we first arrived at camp some of them in huts near us grinned and said, 'You'll be sorry.' We certainly are."

Biggest grudge the girls bear the heat is the swelling of their feet. In fact one of the first purchases the entire contingent will make, when coupons are given them, will be new shoes.

"When our white shoes were issued us as part of our tropical issue, they must have been a close fit," said Laura Easterbrooke, of Devon, rubbing her feet with methylated spirit.

Appreciate hospitality

"WHEN we set out on leave days to do a bit of sightseeing in Sydney, we find we can't walk round for very long, without making for a nice quiet corner in a service-women's club, where we can sneak our shoes off for a time."

Laura, like the majority of the girls, had her face and arms sprinkled with mosquito bites, evidence of the grim two nights the girls spent before they were given mosquito nets for their beds.

"However, the friendliness and hospitality of Australians more than make up for the heat and mosquitoes," Laura laughed.

"We've had a marvellous time since we came off the ship. The boys have been wonderful to us. We've had dances practically every night in a recreation hall in the camp and the boys are teaching us the hokey pokey and barn dance."

"And of course we've all fallen in love with our tough A.I.F. sergeant who drills us every morning—a new experience for us, as we've never done any drilling or marching before," said Patricia Clarke.

"We were pretty hopeless at first, and he told us so in no uncertain terms; but we've been trying pretty hard, and although the other morning he told us we were just as dumb as ever, we saw him strut off with quite a smug smile."

Friendly, likeable, and full of fun, it is little wonder the girls should be popular with Australian soldiers.

Commandant Miss Ellen Bennett told me the telephone lines had been so busy with calls from Diggers wanting to meet the girls that all private calls had to be stopped.

Miss Bennett, a Scot from Argyll, drove an ambulance in France during the last war.

She is very proud of her "kids," as she calls them, and hopes Australians will like them.

Many of the girls, she told me, had already met Australian servicemen in England, and some had helped to nurse members of the Ninth Division in the Middle East.

"The Diggers were our most obstreperous patients, but I think we secretly liked them for it," said Marie Hallah, of London, and Nora Cree, both of whom were at the 64th General Hospital in Alexandria for 2½ years.

"I had a beautiful surprise in Pitt Street the other day when one of my Digger patients came up to me and asked if I remembered him," said Marie.

Some of the girls have had reunions with relatives in Australia.

"Everybody used to look slightly sceptical back home whenever my conversation got round to my distant cousins in Australia, but I'm on my way now to see them out at Strathfield," said Rose Godwin, of Kent.

"I haven't seen them since they left England 20 years ago."

Naomi Super, who hasn't seen her brother Maurice in Melbourne for 15 years, had a trunkline call from him the day I visited the camp.

Those "wild" koalas

ALTHOUGH the majority of the girls have had grim experiences of robot and rocket blitzes, they would talk only of the lighter side of them.

One of the best stories was told by Miss Andrea Pelly, Assistant Commandant, who was stationed at a Plymouth naval hospital during the 1940 blitz.

"When sweeping dust off the floor of the wards, the V.A.s always sprinkled tealeaves on the floor first," said Miss Pelly.

"One day during a raid our ward got a particularly bad pasting. Windows were blown in, beds piled on top of one another, thick, wooden stanchions scattered about the floor.

"In the midst of the chaos I felt a tap on the arm and saw the very earnest face of a V.A. peering up.

"'Please, could you tell me where I could find the tealeaves to sweep the floor,' she asked."

Miss Pelly is the daughter of Lady Pelly, of Devonshire, and the late Admiral Sir Henry Pelly. She has two brothers in the Royal Navy.

The girls said they were tremendously excited to learn that they were being drafted to Australia.

Reactions of their parents, however, were a little different.

"When I told Mother where I was going she was horror-stricken," said one lass.

"'Oh, my dear,' she cautioned, 'do be careful of those wild koala bears!'

"I saw one of the WILD bears at the Zoo on Saturday, remembered Mother's remark, and laughed so much that people passing by must have thought me crazy."

ICE-CREAM enjoyed by Jean Driver was the first she had tasted for years. Until recently ice-cream was on the banned list in Britain.

COMMANDANT, Miss Ellen Bennett (right), with Assistant Commandant, Miss Andrea Pelly (left), and Lieut. R. Harvey, A.A.M.W.S.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727910

Editorial

JANUARY 13, 1945

UNITY IS VITAL

MILITARY setbacks of the European campaign, which delay the United Nations' march to victory, are not so dismaying to the thoughtful citizen as are the troubles that keep breaking out behind the fronts.

A breach in our battle line can be repaired by gallant men and strong arms. A breach in our unity is a more deadly wound, to be mended only by wisdom and generosity.

In Poland, Greece, France, and Italy, there is political disunity. As soon as danger from the common foe is removed, the ranks of patriots fall apart into sharply defined groups with irreconcilable interests.

After the German break-through on the Western front there was the inevitable call for apportionment of blame, and out of this arose comparisons between the number of U.S. and British troops in action.

For a long time there has been constant public and private discussion about which nation has suffered most or given most in the struggle for freedom.

Such talk is more productive of bitterness than inspiration.

Disunity in the democratic world gave Hitler his chance of world domination.

The world was saved from that by the unity of the nations who rallied round Great Britain after she had stood so long alone.

Only an even closer unity, strengthened by a spirit of generous compromise, will save the peace.

Without it, life in the post-war world can be nothing but a chaos of political and national rivalry.

Ballet still thrives in blitzed Britain

At sixty-five, Mme Adeline Genee supervises Royal Academy exams.

MADAME Adeline Genee, famous ballerina and president of the Royal Academy of Dancing (which she helped to found), is still, at 65 years of age, touring Britain to supervise the teaching of the 10,000 children who take the Academy's four-monthly examination.

She hopes to come to Australia after the war. In the meantime she intends to go to South Africa shortly to conduct examinations there, and hopes it will not be long before she can revisit her homeland, Denmark.

Twice as many children are learning dancing in Britain since the war.

Working mothers — particularly those in big industrial towns—finding themselves with a little more money and less to spend it on, have become ambitious to give their children something they didn't have themselves.

Genee, who toured Australia in 1913, is one of the most important links between the ballet of to-day and that of yesterday—one of the links with such famous names as Diaghilev, Pavlova, and Nijinsky.

She still has all the grace and poise which made her one of the loveliest of a great company of ballerinas.

She has silver hair and bright blue eyes, and a fresh pink-and-white complexion that is second only to Queen Mary's.

Yet the war years have been strenuous ones for Madame Genee, who lost her husband (Frank Isitt) in the first year, and has continued through bombing, black-out, and war restrictions to encourage a love of the dance.

Her work has taken her to blitzed Plymouth, where she examined 25 pupils in a roofless building through which a biting wind was blowing, and to Liverpool, still rocking from eight nights of incessant bombing.

"But I never saw a frightened child," she told me.

"Once they came to the studio for dancing they regained their poise and self-confidence, and, losing themselves in the dance, forgot the horrors of the night before.

"That's only one of the reasons our work had to go on.

"Mothers knew how much children loved their dancing and they depended on us to keep its spirit alive."

Genee's work has been well repaid, for to-day interest in dancing —particularly ballet—has passed from a group of enthusiasts to a wide circle of people who've learned to appreciate and understand this art.

Genee had just presided at the annual meeting of the Academy when I saw her, and the long board-room table was littered with notes, pencils, and agenda papers left there by the committee, comprising some of the best-known names in dancing circles.

Arnold Haskell, Karsavina, Ninette De Valois, Anton Dolin, and Phyllis Bedells are some who, like their

Cabled by
ANNE MATHESON
of our London staff

president, are working to see that the technique of dancing is handed on in its integrity.

"Examinations, which are also held in South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and Eire, are sometimes criticised as a means of training an artist," Genee said as she outlined the work of the Academy over the last 24 years.

"But while examinations cannot light a divine fire if the spark is missing, they can, and do, protect a young dancer from the wiles of the charlatan and dilettante.

"The Academy has had to face many problems, with the ranks of ballet mistresses depleted for war work, and the tremendous influx of children drawn from such entirely different strata from those of pre-war days.

"Not the least of these is how to best safeguard these children, to see that they are not exploited or badly taught.

"And if I have accomplished nothing else," she said, "the fact that I could justify those working mothers in dancing lessons for their children is sufficient recompense to me."

Madame Genee is well satisfied with the progress the ballet has made during the war.

"In the short time that ballet has been an acknowledged art in this country it has made such rapid strides that English dancers to-day are known all over the world," she said.

"Now I am looking forward to the day when they will be known by their English names—Mary Smith and Dora Jones—not by these foreign names that they assume.

"Australia's contribution to ballet has been magnificent.

"Not only has Australia encouraged a love of ballet with schools and support of ballet companies, but there has been a real appreciation of ballet there in recent years.

"Australia's Robert Helpman has been a wonderful stimulus to ballet. With his grace and artistry and real intelligence he has done inestimable good for the Sadlers Wells Ballet.

"Australian members on the Grand Council, Jennie Brennan and Frances Scully, are doing fine work.

"I feel that the cultural relations binding the Dominions and the Mother Country should be fostered and strengthened. The ballet, which has been described as 'an art embracing all other arts,' and whose interpretation does not depend on the spoken or written word, is peculiarly suited to this purpose."

In 1935 the Academy obtained its Royal Charter.

It was the last one signed before the death of King George V, and Genee, feeling she had put in 15 years of hard work in having dancing recognised in Britain as an art, wanted to resign.

But the Academy needed her, and to-day her ambition is to build in London's reconstruction plan a theatre that will be devoted to the ballet.

"I want it to be a focal point for lovers of dancing throughout the British Empire; a place with a large stage for rehearsing, and where visiting ballet companies can show us what they are doing.

"It's to be to ballet lovers what Covent Garden is to opera, and my aim is £20,000 to start in a modest way, expanding as needs and finance dictate."

Her other ambition is to have dancing recognised for its educational value, and she hopes before long there will be a diploma of dancing issued by London University.

She explained to me: "Children don't always learn music, painting, or literature with a view to becoming musicians, artists, or great writers. It's a means of stimulating the imagination and quickening perception. So it is with dancing.

"We want it included in general education, not as a substitute for physical training, but in the same way that music and drawing are included."

ADELINE GENEE, famous ballerina, photographed at the height of her fame. Now 65, she is still agile and beautiful, and travels through Britain supervising examinations in dancing.

Interesting People

MRS. IVY KENT
. . . A.B.C. Commissioner

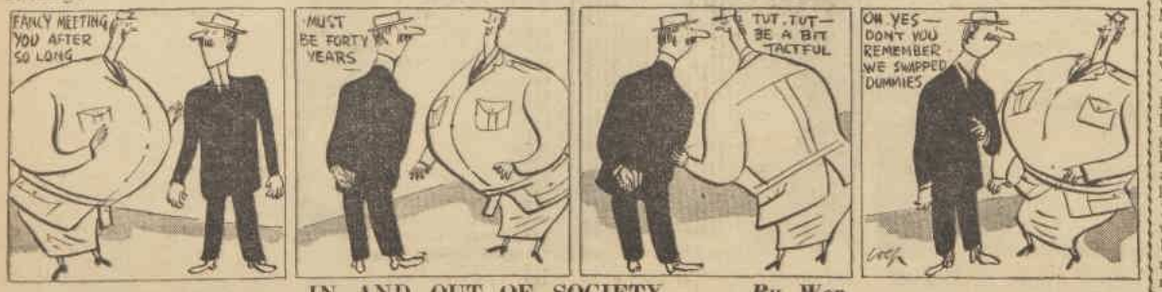
NEWLY appointed member of Australian Broadcasting Commission, Mrs. Ivy Kent, J.P., of Perth, is member Adult Education Board; on Perth Public Hospital Advisory Board; executive Soldiers' Dependents Appeal; only woman on executive board W.A. National Fitness Council. Is vice-president Women Justices' Association. Was listeners' representative on Advisory Board of A.B.C. in W.A.

MR. DARYL LINDSAY
. . . art for the people

DIRECTOR of National Art Gallery, Victoria, Mr. Daryl Lindsay leaves shortly for Great Britain and U.S.A. to investigate modern trends of construction and lighting of art galleries, and modern art educational methods in connection with plans for establishment of new art centre in Melbourne by Victorian Government and Gallery Trustees. Mr. Lindsay is firm believer in making art accessible to the public. Was official war artist in 1914-18.

MRS. M. LANCASTER
. . . D-Day secret

ONLY woman who knew of the secret prefabricated ports largely responsible for success of Normandy invasion was Mrs. Masika Lancaster, of British Ports and Inland Water Transport. Towed from England to France, these great synthetic harbors of steel and concrete, large as Gibraltar, weighing 1,500,000 tons, were one of the war's greatest achievements and best-kept secrets. Mrs. Lancaster made the original cardboard models, explained working models at House of Commons.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727911

AMERICAN BRIDEGROOM. Lieut. Walter Cogswell, U.S.N.R., and bride, formerly Mrs. Heather Campbell, widow of Flying-Officer Bill Campbell, R.A.A.F., at reception at Australia Hotel following ceremony at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

ENGAGED. Moira Larbalestier (third from left), who announces engagement to Flight-Sergeant Edward Corser, R.A.A.F., comes to town for celebration luncheon with fellow first-year physiotherapy students Anne Failes, Margaret Stephens, and Norma Hunt. Moira is only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. L. Larbalestier, of Maroubra.

On and Off Duty.

WEDDING IN WALES. Flying-Officer Jack Richardson, R.A.A.F., attached to R.A.F., of Wollongong, and bride, formerly Sergeant Mavis Henley, English W.A.A.F., at Methodist Church, Llanelly, Wales, after marriage. Best man (on bride's right) is Flying-Officer Neil Moses, R.A.A.F., of Campsie.

CONGRATULATIONS on all sides for Matron Muriel Doherty, R.A.A.F., who received Royal Red Cross in New Year's Honors list. Matron Doherty, who is principal matron of R.A.A.F. nursing service, is only woman in New South Wales to receive decoration.

"I'm sure the recognition is due to wonderful work of members of the service," says Matron Doherty, modestly, when I speak to her.

Splendid record of nursing service behind her—Matron Doherty trained at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, and after period on staff there she went abroad for four years, studying nursing education at London University and leading London hospitals. In addition, Matron Doherty nursed on Continent. Prior to being called up from Australian Army Nursing Service reserve, which she joined in 1935, Matron Doherty was senior sister tutor at R.P.A.

• • •

"I'M looking forward to meeting members of Royal Naval Nursing Service, and hoping I might renew acquaintance with old friends from my London nursing days," says Matron Doherty.

She tells me she has just received letter from Princess Mary's Royal Air Force Nursing Service in London thanking Australian R.A.A.F. nurses who have sent them parcels of sweets and cosmetics. Learn for first time that R.A.A.F. Nursing Service is based on Princess Mary's Service.

• • •

SYDNEY holiday for Mrs. Arthur Hence, of Inverell, and her three children, Judy, Jan, and Ian. Her husband, Captain Hence, formerly with Commonwealth Bank at Inverell, is P.O.W. in Thailand.

LONDON NAVAL WEDDING. Lieut.-Commander V. A. T. Smith, D.S.C., R.A.N., of Sydney, and fair English bride, formerly Nanette Harrison, of London, cut cake at reception following wedding at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London.

SHIP'S PARTY. Wrens attached to H.M.A.S. Kuttabul, Third-Officer K. G. Clements (left), Leading-Wran Sheila Hunt, and Petty-Officer Nancy Hoddinott fill teacups at children's party given at Garden Island for officers' children.

JOINING the ranks of Canberra house-hunters is charming Mrs. Garnet Malley and her husband, Group-Captain Garnet Malley, R.A.A.F., who is now stationed at capital. Couple expect to make Canberra their headquarters for some months, and while house-hunting have made Hotel Canberra their home. Mrs. Malley has lovely collection of Chinese furnishings brought out from China, with which she hopes to furnish her Canberra home.

• • •

MRS. GARNET MALLEY hopes to fulfil Lady Gowrie's wish that she exhibit her collection of Manchu robes for Canberra Red Cross branch. She recently arranged an exhibit in Melbourne for Chinese War Orphans Appeal and Comforts Fund, which was great success. Lady Gowrie saw this before leaving for England, and said she hoped the Red Cross would benefit from an exhibition should Mrs. Malley go to Canberra.

• • •

LOTS of parties for Patricia Erby, who recently announced engagement to Trooper John Hemphill, A.I.F., before she returns home to Warraroong, Wingham, Manning River, to be with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. R. Erby, over holidays. John's mother, Mrs. J. D. Hemphill, of Wahroonga, is hoping that her daughter, Wren Paddy Love, wife of Captain Philip Love, R.N., may come home from England soon. She writes long letters giving them news of W.R.N.S. activities, and in her last letter said that, after finishing day's work, she and other Wrens travel ten miles to a Canadian convalescent hospital, when they give the boys a variety show. Paddy's contribution to show is a spot of crooning.

NAVAL WEDDING. Second-Engineer Vincent Ballenger, M.N., of Claremont, W.A., and bride, formerly Wran Bunty Harding, attached to H.M.A.S. Harmon, Canberra, arrive at reception at Cooper Park pavilion after ceremony at Holy Cross Church, Woollahra. Bunty's cousin, Father Hugh Leonard, performed the ceremony, and another cousin, Father Jack Leonard, said Mass.

CANBERRA newshound brings news that Sai, granddaughter of High Commissioner for India, Sir Raghunath Paranjpye, fascinates guests at Hotel Canberra with her series of dances, which she danced in lobby on New Year's Eve. Wide, beaming smile on Sir Raghunath's face while performance is given when Sai makes special bow toward him. By the way, I understand that one of Sai's main activities between knitting is keeping up her correspondence with her great-grandmother, who lives in Poona, India.

Joyce

HONEYMOONERS. Sub-Lieut. Edwin Phippard, R.A.N.V.R., and Mrs. Phippard, formerly Anne Thomas, of Manly, come to town to lunch at Romano's. Couple honeymoon at Eleanora before leaving for Melbourne, where Edwin will continue course at Flinders.

HAPPY COUPLE. Myee Draper and her fiance, Ross Williams, who have just announced their engagement. Myee is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Draper, of "Harris Park," Parkes, and Ross is final year medical student.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727912

What's on your mind?

Mother ought to be friend to daughter

THESE days we hear so much about the lack of parental control, especially in regard to adolescent girls. Might it not be a good idea to stress just a little less the control angle, and a little more the guidance or just plain friendship idea?

I suggest mothers make a pal of their daughters early in life, interest themselves in the girls' interests, then, I am sure, the battle will be half won. In fact, it will most likely prevent any battle at all.

It is such a pity when a mother is too busy, or just cannot be bothered. The girl keenly feels this lack of enthusiasm. It does not do any good to merely issue a series of "Don'ts," then sit back and blame the war.

The war might create opportunity, but the girl who allows herself to be "picked up" at dances and street corners is rarely one who has been brought up in an atmosphere of happy comradeship.

£1 to Mrs. David Biddlecomb, Kangaloon, N.S.W.

Children's rights

A WISE parent never gives away his or her child's toys without first consulting the child. A generous spirit should be encouraged, but if a child's cherished possessions are taken and given to another, a spirit of rebellion and resentment may be aroused.

5/- to Lois Row, 16 Darley St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Caged birds

ONE wonders why so many people are regarded as bird lovers and yet lock them up in very small cages.

These people lack imaginative power, or surely they would be aware of the disaster such imprisonment imposes on birds.

Too often one observes the neglected condition of the cages, including dirty water pots and insufficient food, and one is conscious of the joy with which these birds might spread their wings if they attained freedom.

The chained-to-a-perch cockatoo is likewise a pathetic object, and forgetting to feed and water the domestic fowl occurs too often. If we desire our own freedom, let us not condemn these helpless creatures to such cruelty.

5/- to Muriel Lovell, Oakbank, S.A.

Feminine prejudice

THE demands of war have broken down many barriers, and to-day almost every type of career can be taken up by a woman if she so desires. But an amazing prejudice still persists against her, and not only among men.

The average woman prefers to go to a male doctor for treatment, would rather not visit a lady dentist, dislikes asking for advice from a female chemist, and thinks there is something strange about women politicians.

Why have we this innate distrust of professional members of our own sex?

5/- to Mrs. J. Vockley, 111 Artarmon Rd., Artarmon, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Mean husbands

SO many marriages "go on the rocks" these days, and I sometimes think a big contributing factor to marriage wrecks is meanness on the part of the husband.

Many men, although in receipt of large incomes, give their wives a paltry allowance and barely sufficient

on which to run a house. Any woman would be well advised to ascertain before marrying if a man is generous or not, because it is impossible to reform a "meanie."

5/- to Mrs. A. Dayton, P.O. Box 1, Chippendale, N.S.W.

Tourist paradise

WITH the majority of the world's pre-war tourist resorts blasted and stripped of their beauty by the war, could not something be done to popularise Australia as a holiday paradise in our plans for post-war reconstruction?

The bushlands in spring, the beaches in summer, and the northern coral seas in the winter provide every kind of holiday.

I would suggest that railways should be of standard gauge, and that more roads be built and air travel extended.

Our country abounds in Nature's gifts, and we should take full advantage of them.

5/- to Mrs. T. Edchell, Coora Rd., East Oakleigh, Vic.

Cafe meals for toddlers

I THINK it is high time the managers of large city stores included in their cafes' menus food and drink suitable for babies and toddlers at the midday meals.

Mothers are expected to be home by 4.30 p.m. so as to allow room for workers in trains and trams, etc., but by the time they wait until 12 o'clock so as to feed their children, half the day is gone before they can even leave for town.

If store managers saw to it that the mothers could purchase a correct meal for a child, much time and worry would be spared, and the mothers would certainly be very grateful.

5/- to Mrs. H. V. Barford, 33 Dumbarton St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

Clubs needed in city for lonely people

I WONDER if after the war some of the Service clubs will remain open, not only to discharged personnel, but for lonely civilians.

There are many people in large cities who, working away from home, are at a loss to know what to do with their days off—Sundays, for instance. They have the choice of spending the day in their rooms or by themselves at the pictures or on the beach.

Whereas if they had a club-room run on similar lines to Service huts it would do much to brighten their lives and solve a lot of problems.

5/- to Mrs. Bell, c/o 17 Lisson Grove, Hawthorn, Vic.

Beautiful but dumb

IF, after the war, the women of to-day desire sane, sensible husbands, they must learn the art of conversation. The term "beautiful but dumb" must definitely become a thing of the past.

No reasonably well-educated man wishes to spend an evening with a girl who can talk about nothing but "film stars," nor is he burning with desire to hear of "Mum's varicose veins" or "Dad's rheumatism," while a conversation based on lipstick, powder, and hair-do will leave him in a state of complete nervous exhaustion.

Women should learn to talk on pleasant and interesting subjects. It is not hard to do, but it is surprising how few women can do it.

5/- to 32771 Corporal E. Wilkinson, 13 Aircraft Repair Depot, Charters Towers, Qld.

Old Sinners Never Die

Continued from page 5

I LEFT them on that, confident of their silence, relieved that my efforts had eased the situation. But I was worried about that package I had given to Helen Speek and already regretted the innocent little familiarities I had permitted myself when she called.

When I got back to the hotel, Mrs. Marven greeted me with some astounding news.

"Oh, Mr. Ford," she cried. "Did you hear?" She lowered her voice. "Timothy Speek's committed suicide." She nodded gloomy confirmation, and added, "Shot himself through the head!"

Mrs. Marven had more to tell, and, as she talked, I became more and more bewildered. It had been a quiet night, and, after I had gone up to bed, she did not have a single customer, for, as she put it, it was seldom that a body was thirsty in that town after ten at night, by which hour I believe most folk were in bed and fast asleep.

About eleven she had finished her knitting and was thinking of shutting up when Helen Speek came running in. She was in great distress.

"Please come, Marvie," she called. "Something dreadful has happened."

The landlady hastily extinguished the bar lamps and joined her, Helen pouring out her story as she hurried through the dark street. They found Speek in his big armchair shot through the head, the pistol in his hand.

Helen, it appeared, had already been to Dr. Hansen's, but remembered as she got there that he was on a confinement case some miles out of town. She had run to Constable Burke's place, but he was absent, for the creek was still swollen and there had been many narrow escapes at farm houses along its course. She had pinned a note on his door.

Mrs. Marven closed the house and took Helen back to the hotel with her, gave her a stiff whisky, and put her into her own bed.

"It would have been silly and useless to wake you or Mr. Teecher," she said, "so I sat down to wait for Burke, who would have to pass the hotel on his way to Speek's."

After a while she heard a horse, and went outside to see the doctor in his buggy. She called to him and told him the news, and together they went to the house of death. The tired constable arrived half an hour later, and Mrs. Marven prevailed upon him to let Helen have her sleep out.

"He was nothing loath, poor man," she told me, "for, like the doctor, he was worn out. I dosed them up with brandy, and they needed it. You know, Mr. Ford," she said, "I felt sorry for that man in his blindness, but the iron had eaten into him. He must have been a terrible man to live with. Who knows, after all, perhaps his last deed was his best."

"It must have taken courage," I said.

"I suppose so," she said thoughtfully. "I know I couldn't take that way out. I'm terrified of guns."

. . . . . .

Our city mail came via Baloola three times a week, and was due that morning. It arrived late, partly owing to the floods and the detour that Peter Gallagher, the mail-driver, had had to make, and partly, I suspected, because Peter had stopped at many places en route, glad of the chance to exchange gossip, for he was a garrulous old fellow who knew everybody's business but neglected his own to such an extent that I had had more than once to reprimand him for unpunctuality.

This day, however, his excuse was at least plausible. I posted a notice on the delivery window to the effect that letters would be ready an hour later, and started on the task of sorting.

Almost immediately I came across the registered article addressed to Polly Garner, which came to hand with such regularity. I examined it closely, and put it on one side to enter in my record book.

My mind kept reverting to the incidents of the previous night, and to the inconsistencies of the stories told me that morning by Polly Garner and Mrs. Marven. I recalled the rather unpleasant interview with the two little spinsters, and my eye fell on the registered envelope that had just come in. Queerly enough, the words of Timothy Speek came to my mind at the same moment.

'Aye, ye're in a position of great power here, Mr. Ford, sir, with secrets enough under y'r thumb to set a whole town by the ears."

I remembered Helen Speek's anxiety that her mail should not fall into her husband's hands.

What dark secret was she harboring? I thought I knew. I looked carefully through the little pile of letters addressed to Garnet Price, but they appeared innocent enough—from business firms, harness and horse dealers, and the like. I recalled the instant reaction of the Garner woman to my shot in the dark about their secret, and my attention was focused once more on the registered letter for Polly.

They had been badly scared, and here, I believed, was the key to the reason for their terror. I reasoned swiftly. It might be necessary for me to know. They might challenge me. They had spirit of a sort. Yes, I concluded, it was necessary for me to know.

Skilfully I opened the envelope, glanced curiously at the cheque inside, and read the accompanying letter. I smiled grimly as I finished. Well, one never knew!

LATER in the day, when they called to sign for the registered article, plainly ill at ease, I felt quite sorry for them, and went out of my way to let Polly see that, whatever her past had been, I was not condemning her. As she signed I looked at her with a new curiosity. In the light of what I knew I could imagine she might have been quite a pert little piece in her youth.

As her sister put down the pen, Agatha Garner looked about her cautiously to see that no one was listening, and whispered: "What does it all mean, Mr. Ford?" She was puzzled about Speek shooting himself, of course.

"It means," I said calmly, "that Miss Polly made a pardonable error."

Agatha started to say something, but Polly interrupted. "I still think I should tell Mr. Burke," she said.

I flicked a finger at the registered letter I was still holding. "I wouldn't," I said, significantly, and they went out without another word.

I had had some good news that morning from the Postal Department, which had at long last recognised my ability. In a few weeks' time I was to be transferred to a more important post at a higher salary. It was a position of trust and considerable responsibility, and it made me more than ever determined not to allow the Speek affair to interfere with my prospects.

Timothy Speek's funeral was remembered longer than the man himself, the circumstances of his death occasioning interest that an orthodox demise would never have awakened. I shall always recall it because Luke Barmby was down with a cold and one of his sons, a gangling youth of eighteen, took his father's place as undertaker.

The rain had gone, and I had accompanied Mrs. Marven on a tour of inspection of the outhouses, looking for possible leakages in the roofing, when young Barmby's head appeared grinning over the stable half-door.

"Why, Josephus!" Mrs. Marven exclaimed, startled, "What brings you here?"

Luke Barmby had scattered biblical names among his swarming offspring with rare prodigality. It was, I believe, the nearest he ever came to extravagance.

"Aw, go on, Mrs. Marven," the boy said, turning red. It was his way of resenting her use of his Christian name. "Don't you be making me look silly."

"All right," she said brightly. "What brings you here, Joe?"

The lad grinned. "You won't tell the old man, Mrs. Marven?"

"Not till I meet him at the blue ribbon meeting."

Josephus' head waggled from side to side. "Aw, Mrs. Marven, you're a trick," he announced.

He shuffled his feet, and at last came out with what he wanted.

"It's like this, Mrs. Marven. I thought you'd know, you see." He suddenly produced over the stable door a worn top-hat about which were draped two hideous crepe bands.

"Oh!" Mrs. Marven was startled.

"I was wondering," the Barmby boy said, "whether I could get out of wearing this at Speek's funeral—when I drive the coffin, I mean."

HE regarded the hat critically. "It don't fit," he announced with great gravity, and added for emphasis, "an' it blows orf."

Mrs. Marven did not smile. Instead, she opened the stable door.

"Come in here, Joe," she invited, quietly, and, when he entered, "Put it on," she ordered, seating herself on a box that was nearby.

He obeyed, standing sheepishly before her, the absurd hat resting like a pimple on his bulbous head, the crepe bands floating over his coatless shoulders. "It makes me feel a fool," he said.

It seemed to me definitely out of place to discuss these matters in such surroundings, but Mrs. Marven was unconcerned. She regarded the boy's appearance quite seriously, and shook her head critically. "It is a wee bit small, isn't it? And it would be very awkward if it blew off. I quite understand how you feel, Joe."

"I knew you would, Mrs. Marven." He spoke eagerly, gaining confidence. "Now, I was thinking—it's so hot, see—couldn't I wear my new white panama and tie these round it?" He indicated the crepe bands.

"I think you're right, Joe," she agreed after a moment's thought. "You'd look much nicer. And I'll borrow a dark tie for you. Now you leave the hat and these crepe things here, and sneak home and bring me your straw hat, and I'll fix everything up for you."

"Golly, Mrs. Marven," the boy cried, "that's great! I knew you'd understand." He opened the stable door and stepped out. "You won't blow the gaff?"

"Cross my heart," she answered with a smile.

For an instant he stared at her gravely, then a grin spread over his face. "By gee, you're a oner," he cried, and dashed off.

All the shops put up at least one shutter as the cortege passed, led by Josephus Barmby driving the aged buggy, from which the back seat had been removed to make room for the coffin, his straw hat laundered and shampooed into a lily-white purity, and decorated with the crepe bands, but worn, unhappily, at an almost rakish angle.

Please turn to page 27

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727913

As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

SEVERAL fortunate days will affect the lives of many people this week.

Capricornians, Taurians, and Virgoans are likely to benefit most, but large numbers of Scorpions and Pisceans should gain also.

Sunday, January 14, is especially favorable for all the groups mentioned except Taurians.

Wednesday, January 17, is very favorable to Capricornians, Taurians, Scorpions, and Pisceans.

Cancerians must beware losses and disappointments. Librans and Arians may suffer delays and meet obstacles.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Beware of pitfalls, arguments, delays and changes now, especially between January 12 and 14. Routine is best.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Good fortune possible now, so work hard and seek desired goals, changes, and promotions with confidence, especially on January 11 (to forenoon), January 14 (but be discreet), and January 17 (to sunset).

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): January 13 (forenoon to sunset) can be helpful, but the week should be lived cautiously. Routine work advised.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Be guarded now. Losses, upsets, adverse changes, disappointments, opposition are all possible, especially on January 12 and 13 (both adverse) and January 14 (very poor). Routine work best.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Speed really urgent matters, yet with caution. January 11 (zero to forenoon) good. Rest of week poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Seek desired goals, promotions, and changes now. Success possible. But January 11 and 12 poor. January 13 tricky. January 14 (dawn to midnight) very good. January 15 (forenoon to dusk) good.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Beware pitfalls, difficulties, delays, annoyances now, especially on January 12, 13, and 14. Routine tasks strongly advised now.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Speed semi-important matters now. January 11 good. January 13 tricky. January 14 (noon to midnight) good. January 17 good.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): January 11 (to forenoon) very helpful. January 12 poor. January 14 (noon to 11 p.m.) fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Be confident. Seek desired goals, changes and promotions now, especially on January 11 (to forenoon) and January 14 (morning fair, then excellent to midnight).

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Unspectacular days, though January 11 (forenoon) and January 12 (after 10 a.m.), and January 17 (to sunset) all helpful.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): A good week possible. Work well and wisely. January 14 (noon to midnight) and January 15 (to dusk) good. January 17 (3 p.m. to 7 p.m.) very good; thereafter poor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Okay, so it proves I love you. It also proves you owe me two pounds for the daisies."

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Are invited to a masque ball by a mysterious stranger, Baron Kord, who, to Mandrake's irritation, has been paying attention to Narda. Kord wants to marry her. Kord's private plane takes them on an eight-hour journey to an unknown destination. They are perturbed to find the pilot is dumb, and further surprised when greeted by a long guard of honor of men bearing flaming torches. NOW READ ON:

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727914

PANORAMA OF CHICAGO, one of America's greatest industrial cities, where New Zealand millionaire Ernest Scott has established an Anzac hospitality centre.

Millionaire's hints on how to make real money

Eat, sleep, and think work, says former A.I.F. corporal

If you want to be a millionaire, eat, sleep, and think work for 20 years, says New Zealand born millionaire Mr. Ernest H. Scott, of Chicago, now on a business trip to Australia and New Zealand.

"There's no easy road to millions unless, of course, you inherit them from your ancestors, who probably did all the eating, sleeping, and thinking of work for you," adds Mr. Scott, who left Australia in 1915 as a corporal in the 3rd Division, A.I.F., and returns now as retiring president of Scott Radio Laboratories of Chicago, New York, and London.

SMALL, stocky, with alert grey eyes, this 57-year-old New Zealander undoubtedly made good the hard way, but his youthful zest for life, people, and the inevitable work indicates that he really enjoyed every minute of it.

With Mr. Scott on his trip is his charming grey-haired New Zealand born wife, who has watched and helped her husband rise from mechanic to president of a war plant employing more than 700 workers and equalling in production many of the amazing records already achieved on the American production front.

"Mum's been my silent partner, right from scratch," the successful husband smiles at his wife.

"She's been laughing at my pet after-dinner jokes for 20 years, and she still pretends it's the first time she's heard them. If you've got any ideas about becoming a millionaire, you'll have to be lucky enough first to pick a best girl like her."

Tremendously proud of her husband and his achievements, Mrs. Scott aided and abetted in the breaking down of Mr. Scott's aversion to discussing his success.

"Go on, Dad," she urged, as he adroitly dodged the personal questions.

Genuinely shy of publicity, he unwound enthusiastically on his pet topic, the Anzac Hospitality Centre, which he founded in Chicago, only because the success of it, he claims, is due to two women, his wife and the hostess, Miss Elizabeth Welshaar.

"I just paid the bills," he grinned.

Filing system

ESTABLISHED in his down-town studio in Michigan Avenue, the Centre has been the home from home for 3000 Australian and New Zealand servicemen on leave in Chicago.

Through its hostess, Miss Welshaar, who was Mr. Scott's export manager and has been with him for seventeen years, billets have been arranged for the boys in more than 300 of Chicago's most exclusive homes.

To enable the boys to meet American girls, the Centre had an ingenious "date" card-filing system.

Candid camera shots and details of height, coloring, and telephone numbers of 90 selected American girls are recorded on cards.

"The boys flip through the cards, and then the rest is up to them," said Mr. Scott.

Thousands of letters and snaps of the boys have been sent by Mrs. Scott and Miss Welshaar to parents in Australia and New Zealand.

Special gift Mr. Scott has brought back from Chicago for these parents is a 1600ft. technicolor film, "The Anzacs See Chicago."

Self-styled "camera crank," Mr. Scott took the film, which records the activities of the servicemen on leave at the Centre and sightseeing in Chicago.

A special screening of the film for parents is being arranged as soon as possible.

In addition to their work at the Centre, the Scotts entertained hundreds of lads at their beautiful colonial home in Highland Park, where Mrs. Scott's garden, according to her husband, was the pride of a garden suburb.

Post-war problems of the Anzac serviceman are very close to the heart of Mr. Scott, and he is already planning ways and means to assist them.

"Thousands of young fellows will be starting businesses either by themselves or in partnership with their fathers," he said, "and I'm hoping that with my experience I'll be able to advise them and rescue them from a few of the pitfalls into which they'll stumble.

"It's experience alone that teaches you in business. I wouldn't have made half the boners I did make when I started out if I'd had some impartial old hand to whom I could have turned for advice."

Despite his wife's encouragement, Mr. Scott shied off details of his boners and his successes.

A sketchy outline revealed that he left school at 14, "never rose above the exalted rank of corporal" in the Great War, left for America after the war, and started work with a 16-year-old American lad.

Good business

AS a successful business man in America, Mr. Scott believes that Australia has a lot to learn from American industry in promoting happier relations between employers and employees.

In common with hundreds of American companies, his firm has schemes for employees which include a hospitalisation scheme, a profit-sharing fund, and extra annual holidays for employees of a certain period of service.

"No business will ever be big where relations between boss and employee are not 50-50," said Mr. Scott.

"The boss must have the loyalty of the worker and the worker must have the loyalty of the boss.

"Giving a worker decent conditions and decent pay is not sentiment, it is good business.

"On the other hand, the discontented worker who doesn't pull his weight in his job and snarls, 'Look at that rich old skinflint riding round in a limousine while he sweats us,' forgets that the old skinflint's working-day never ends.

"He has the responsibility and problems of his company and his employees with him every minute of a 24-hour day, even while he is riding round in the limousine."

Mr. Scott's do's and don't's to young people who want to succeed in business are well worth recording. Here they are:

NEW ZEALAND BORN millionaire Mr. Ernest Scott, who is visiting Australia and New Zealand, photographed with his wife in Sydney.

- Find the job to which your capabilities are most suited, not the job you fancy you'd like to have.
- Don't be afraid to change your job if you realise you are in a blind alley or under a boss who will give you no chance for advancement, but don't change jobs around just for the sake of changing.
- Do more than is expected of you in your job. If you take more pains about it than lazy fellow workmen, your worth will be noted.
- Never be afraid of overwork, because overwork never hurt anyone—it's only badly planned work and worry that cause overstrain.
- And most important of all, learn to like people, everyone of 'em, even if you're not so certain about a few later on, for making friends is an essential part of business. But you've got to like them for themselves, not from a cute idea of making them like you.

"Which may sound a bit like Dale Carnegie making friends and influencing people, but it's all pretty true," he said.

Palace investitures are homely gatherings

As the honor lists of decorations for war service mount steadily with the progress of the war, investitures play a bigger and bigger part in the King's daily work. These ceremonies have become one of his most pressing and consistent duties. Here it is that the ordinary man meets his King—where everyone meets on the common level of homage to gallantry.

Queen looks after hero's parents and guests sit on stairs

Cabled by DAVID McNICOLL, of our London staff

ONE Buckingham Palace investiture I attended was typical. Stripped of severe formality, it was imbued with friendliness, and enlivened by the grace and humanity of the Queen.

Friends and relatives were starting to arrive.

They were not an elegant, top-hatted crowd. They were aunts from the country, uncles taking a morning off from suburban shops, cousins with a day's leave from the Land Army.

Most of them were in the shabby civilian clothes which are the uniform of the heroes of London.

One girl was in slacks. I remarked on it to the taxi-driver as I got out of my cab.

Discussion progressed until finally we had a two-shilling bet as to whether she would be admitted to the Palace dressed as she was.

"Mind you," said the taxi-driver, "if she is admitted, it's carrying democracy too far."

I lost 2/- on a technicality. She was only an onlooker.

Ten-thirty came. A long blue bus rumbled through the Palace gates.

Sitting in it were twenty solemn, aged, resplendent, caparisoned Beefeaters, all red and gold and black, and looking rather like respectable solicitors suddenly finding themselves at a fancy-dress ball.

We moved inside the Palace.

Two people on my left started speaking to me. He was a man about fifty, with grey hair. She wore the uniform of vice-president of the Red Cross.

After we had been standing for ten minutes she whispered to her husband: "Do you think the King would mind if we sat on the stairs?"

We decided the King wouldn't mind and we all sat down.

A few minutes later the orchestra which had been playing old musical comedy airs stopped suddenly.

A hush fell on the room. Then the King and Queen came in.

The orchestra played the National Anthem, then the decoration recipients started filing into the room.

First was a V.C., Major Robert Cain. He preceded all his seniors, even two Generals.

Had he been a sergeant or private it would have been the same. He would have been Number One man at the Palace that morning.

As he stepped forward to receive his decoration I noticed his wife and parents in the crowd, their eyes brimming with tears of pride.

Some instinct must have told the Queen they were his relatives, for she turned suddenly to Major Cain's wife and said: "Can you see all right? Would you like to stand over here?"

The investiture went on. One by one officers, N.C.O.s, privates, airborne troops, troops from famous English regiments, troops from famous Scottish units.

I could not help noticing the particularly warm smile the Queen gave every Scotsman.

The Lord Chamberlain called out, "Captain the Honorable Oliver St. Aubyn," and the woman who had asked me if I thought the King minded her sitting on the carpet turned toward her husband and whispered, "Here he is!"

It was their son, and on glancing at Debrett later I realised these people sitting on the stairs chatting with everyone round them were Lord and Lady St. Levan.

The investiture ended. The King and Queen turned toward the onlookers and chatted with several of them, then went to the far side of the room and walked among the troops, questioning them about their experiences and wounds.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727915

Father . . . on fatigue

● Pte. John Strange, home from New Guinea, plays nursemaid to his seventeen-day-old son, John Herbert. John Herbert was born on December 11, two days after his father arrived unexpectedly on leave. While on leave Pte. Strange looks after the elder child, Maureen, aged seven, does the baby's and the household washing, and the housework. He cooked Christmas dinner, prepares all the meals for the family. Pte. Strange has been in the A.I.F. for five years, and says he enjoys housekeeping, but prefers soldiering.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727916

"B.O." cut her out

HOT SUMMER NIGHTS! They bring romance . . . but not for Peg.

She has looks, she has personality and brains . . . yet Peg spends these warm evenings at home, *alone*—a "B.O." Cinderella! There's no greater social handicap than "B.O.", but luckily, there's no handicap more easily overcome. These sweltering days, Lifebuoy is a friend worth having—thousands upon thousands have found. With its special health element it guards personal freshness and that creamy Lifebuoy lather is mild as a day in spring.

Yes, the hotter the weather the more you need Lifebuoy.

W.105.1

No hard rubbing with Rinso . . . yet everything sparkling clean! It's the SUDS that do it! They're thicker, richer, extra-cleansing. Dirt just floats out, leaving whites snowy, woollens, rayons and coloureds a joy to see. Wash clothes the *modern* Rinso way—say goodbye to old-fashioned bar soaps!

A LEVER PRODUCT

Z.156.1

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727917

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 10: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, Jan. 11 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, Jan. 12: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, Jan. 13: Goodie Reeve presents K.a.6.i.o Competition, "Melody Foursames."
SUNDAY, Jan. 14 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, Jan. 15: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From the Services."
TUESDAY, Jan. 16: "What's On the Menu?"

New stars for play series

Two of radio's outstanding dramatic artists, John Nugent Hayward and Lyndall Barbour, will be heard this year in 2GB's popular feature, "Star Theatre."

THIS feature is a series of half-hour plays, specially written for radio. Last year the stars were Arundel Nixon and Brenda Dunrich.

First of the new series was a comedy-drama on Monday, January 8.

The next one, on Monday, January 15, at 9 p.m., is "We Will Speak For the Dead," a story of murder with an unusual motive.

The plays will be alternately written by Maxwell Dunn and Richard Lane, Macquarie playwrights.

John Nugent Hayward has had a colorful career. It is said that he only needs to master the details of sound engineering to be a complete radio staff in himself.

He has been announcer, producer, actor, writer, musical conductor and arranger, and advertising salesman.

Born in Northern Ireland he attended the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. After the last war he studied medicine for two years, then went to Algiers, where he was a trader.

Next he developed his musical talents and played in the orchestras of many London theatres.

When he came to Australia he settled in Perth, and there began his radio career. He conducted children's sessions, wrote plays, and acted.

He was also the founder and conductor of both the State Symphony and Perth Symphony orchestras.

Lyndall Barbour, who has one of the most attractive feminine voices in Australian radio drama, has appeared in many leading roles in plays and serials.

As Kay Lawrence, loyal friend and helpmate of that intrepid adventurer, First Light Fraser, she is well known to thousands of radio listeners.

"Star Theatre" is produced by Yvonne Banvard, one of the few women producers in Australia, and herself an accomplished actress and comedian.

YVONNE BANVARD, producer of "Star Theatre," heard from 2GB every Monday, at 9 p.m.

Fashion PATTERNS

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS . . .

No. 554—DAINTY BLOUSE

This smart blouse with a U-shaped neckline, traced ready to cut out and stitch together, should be a valuable asset to your wardrobe. It is available in rayon crepe-de-chine in pastel shades of pink or blue and also in plain white.

Sizes, 32 and 34in. bust, 15/11 (6 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 17/11 (6 coupons), plus 8½d. postage.

No. 555.—TEEN-AGE SLIP

This simply designed slip for 12 to 18-year-olds comes with the pattern clearly traced on pastel blue or pink, or plain white rayon crepe-de-chine all in readiness for cutting and sewing. The lace trimming shown as an edging to bodice is not supplied.

Sizes 12 to 14 years, 15/6 (7 coupons); 14 to 16 years, 16/6 (7 coupons); 16 to 18 years, 17/3 (7 coupons). Plus 8½d. postage.

No. 556—ADORABLE FROCK FOR YOUNG MISSES

This dainty little frock with its gathered skirt and self trimming is available all ready to cut and sew in floral material—lovely gay colorings on a plain white background. The material is of British make, wears well, and washes easily.

Sizes 4 to 6 years, 10/6 and 6 coupons; 6 to 8 years, 11/9 and 6 coupons. Plus 7½d. postage.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

Two lovely blouses

"CHARLOTTE" (shown left) is an attractive affair with its deep yoke, bow-tie finish at the neckline, and soft gathering on the fronts. It comes to you in a plain washable and good-wearing material, rayon crepe-de-chine, in pastel pink or blue, and plain white.

Ready To Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, 22/6 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 26/6 (6 coupons). Plus 1/4½ postage.

Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust, 15/11 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 16/11 (6 coupons). Plus 1/4½ postage.

"CHRYSTAL" (shown right) is a dainty little blouse showing revers edged with soft frillings. A plain, well-wearing and washable material, rayon crepe-de-chine, has been chosen for this blouse in pastel pink or blue, also plain white.

Ready To Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, 22/6 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 26/6 (6 coupons). Plus 1/4½ postage.

Cut Out Only: 32, and 34in. bust, 17/11 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 18/11 (6 coupons). Plus 1/4½ postage.

N.B.—When ordering, please make second choice in color to avoid disappointment and delay. How to obtain **"CHARLOTTE"** and **"CHRYSTAL"**: In N.S.W., obtain postal note for required amount, include coupons, and send to Box 3483, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. Be sure to give bust and hip measurements.

You'll probably have to wait a couple of weeks for delivery of "CHRYSTAL" and "CHARLOTTE," as it is not possible to fulfil all orders as promptly as in pre-war days.

No. F3471A.—Exquisitely designed frock with long form-fitting torso and fully gathered skirt. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

No. F3473A.—Charmingly youthful style, shoulders and hipline accented with soft frilling. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

No. F3495.—Saunter style coat. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2¾yds., 36in. wide material. Pattern, 1/7.

No. F3490.—Well-cut swimsuit. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2¾yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page. ★ No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SEND your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under:—

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 451G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 400P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney (N.Z. readers use money orders only).

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727918

From the birth of time, lovely womanhood has been man's inspiration . . . whether in the creation of an artistic masterpiece or as an incentive to deeds of valour.

In this scheme of things

. . . PAUL DUVAL PERSONALISED COSMETICS protect and emphasise — ever so discreetly—the charms with which women are naturally endowed. A powder base; its matching face powder; rouge like the blush on a rose; and a lipstick, warmly, invitingly red . . . all to protect and cherish while they beautify.

paul Duval

PERSONALISED COSMETICS

PAUL DUVAL PRESENTS:
"Owen Foster and the Devil"
Station 2UW, 9.30 p.m. Wednesdays
"They Rule by Beauty"
3DB/LK, 9.45 p.m., 7EX, 9.15 p.m., Fridays; 4BC/SB, 8.00 p.m., 5AD/MU/SF/PI, 5.45 p.m., Sundays; 6IX/WB/MD, 9.15 p.m., Mondays; 7HT, 9.15 p.m., Wednesdays.

ONLY OBTAINABLE FROM EXCLUSIVE STORES AND CHEMISTS

P.D. 1.45

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727919

Old Sinners Never Die

Continued from page 20

UPON the casket reposed the wreath of artificial flowers which had lain for months in a glass container, marked "Mourners' Requisites," at the end of Sam Cotter's grocery counter. Beside it was a modest posy of real flowers painstakingly collected by Mrs. Marven, the district being by no means a gardener's paradise.

Even so, there were those at the funeral rather shocked and sniffy because the blooms were not all white, and I admit to a fleeting feeling that the conventions were being outraged, though the woman meant well.

Mrs. Speek, as principal mourner, rode next in the town's only four-wheeler, "Marven's Royal Hotel" painted conspicuously upon its sides. To the disappointment of many the flaps of the cab were down, but it was generally known that the widow was accompanied by a minister from Bakoola, who had driven the twenty miles to officiate.

Our town was godly enough, but in my time it never attained to an affluence sufficient to support resident clergy.

The hotel bar door was closed and all the venetian blinds carefully drawn, but Mrs. Marven permitted herself a discreet peep through the slats as the procession passed, counting twenty-six vehicles following the "hearse," before she reopened, put Charlie, the "boots," in charge, and hustled Rosie, the housemaid, to help her with the refreshments she was taking to the Speek home, where the mourners were to be regaled on their return from the ceremony.

I thought it proper to pay my respects to the widow, and went along and ate a small sandwich and drank a cup of tea. There was no room for criticism. There were a large sultana cake, a feathery sponge with butter filling, and one or two smaller and more sombre affairs, for there were not wanting those who regarded sponges as too frivolous for such an occasion, and who deemed it indecent to eat any but plain cake, or at the most, cake with a little fruit.

There were several kinds of sandwiches and plates of the best mixed biscuits, besides tea, cocoa, and coffee at choice. Mrs. Marven had debated the beer question, and, to the disappointment of some, decided against it.

The mourners condoled with the widow in clumsy, conventional phrases, and she made her acknowledgments mostly in monosyllables, and, thereafter, their duty done, they settled down to steady and gloomy eating.

There were many pregnant pauses in the conversation, and once, when old Joe Plank dropped his teaspoon with a clatter, all eyes were directed on him in a baleful glare that made him feel distinctly uncomfortable until Mrs. Marven recovered the spoon and returned it to him with a smile and some silliness about it spelling good luck.

Fully thirty people were draped uneasily about the room into which I had gazed at that strange scene enacted by Helen Speek and Garnet Price and the man now lying in the desolate cemetery two miles away. Seating accommodation had been requisitioned from other parts of the house, but I noticed that everyone carefully avoided Timothy's big chair.

I saw no sign of Price, but Polly and Agatha Garner were there, and I was a little surprised to note how Polly, while steadfastly avoiding my eye, efficiently assisted in ministering to the needs of the mourners.

Mrs. Marven stood staunchly by Helen until all had been provided with refreshments, then she took her cup and saucer, and, with a deep sigh, settled herself comfortably in the armchair in which Speek had breathed his last, while most of those present watched her with round eyes, cakes and sandwiches momentarily suspended midway to their open mouths.

"Oh, dear," she said to the company at large, "when I've been on my feet for long I do enjoy a nice sit down."

* * * * * *

The day before the inquiry into Timothy Speek's death I had word from Eileen's father. He thanked me for my letter, and said he was sorry to hear about Larry, "although," he wrote, "I would not have consented willingly to a marriage between him and my daughter." He told me that unhappily the specialists in the city could do no more for him than Doctor Hansen, and he was "a doomed man." He felt he would like to see Eileen comfortably settled before his call came.

"I know you will make her a good husband," he wrote, "and it comforts me to know that you have been so provident and can make her such a generous settlement, because, I must tell you frankly, I have little or no money of my own, and my property is mortgaged to the very hilt."

He suggested that in my own good time I should write to Eileen and ask her to be my wife.

"I have," he said, "conveyed to her the news of Larry's disappearance, and she is, of course, grieved for the moment, but in a while kindly Time will dissipate her sorrow and make her forget any little sentimental attachment she had for the poor drowned boy."

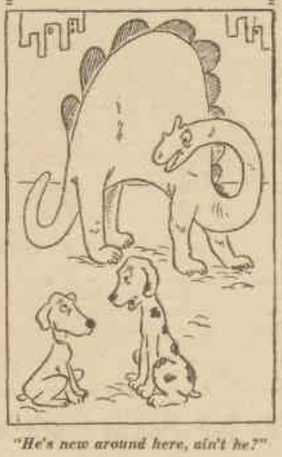
He had added as a postscript: "Eileen asks me to thank you for your very nice letter to her."

I was considerably surprised and very disappointed by the revelation of Mahoney's financial position. I had always regarded him as a man of substance, and had hoped that what he had to bestow upon Eileen would offset the thousand pounds I had suggested as a settlement upon our marriage. Our joint fortunes would have enabled us to embark on the sea of matrimony more than ordinarily well equipped.

I wished to lift my wife high above the social levels she had found in this small country town, and had believed our allied resources would have made it possible for us to move in a more worthy sphere among new and influential friends, permitting Eileen to cut adrift from her present circle of acquaintances.

Please turn to page 28.

Animal Antics



"He's new around here, ain't he?"

A Date In Bethesda

Continued from page 10

"LOOK," said Zucca, "you're not fooling anybody. When you didn't turn up yesterday we sent a signal to the Engineer Officer at G.H.Q. He hadn't seen you. Then we tried all the other places you might have been. You weren't there. Then we found out you'd never even landed at Townsville."

"Of course not," Toomey suggested. "He probably went to Sydney, and has been there, all shacked up and swimming in champagne, ever since."

"A very trustworthy person," said Zucca.

"You guys," Johnny said, "better start packing, because we will probably be leaving this place for the States to-morrow or the next day."

"Ho-ho," said Zucca. "Ho-ho, ha-ha. I suppose you think you're General MacArthur!"

"When I was in Washington," Johnny said, "General Hazelton traced it right down to a private. They didn't find out the private's name, but it was a private who did it, or didn't do it."

"What," inquired the colonel, "didn't the private do?"

"He didn't type the cable ordering us back to the States." That was three months ago. They found the private's notes in his desk drawer in the Pentagon Building. It was entirely his fault. They all agreed on that—the general, the colonels, the majors, the captains, and everybody. Maybe you don't believe me—"

"Why, of course we believe you," said Zucca. "You're the very soul of honor. How are things back in Washington?"

"They treated me very well," Johnny began, "after they found out—"

Anger hardened the colonel's face. "I suppose," he said, "that General Hazelton sent his regards."

"Yes, sir," said Johnny, "and his apologies, too, and he says to tell you that you'll get a message this week relieving us, and that we're going to be commended as a unit, and that you're going to get an Oak Leaf cluster on your——"

"Lieutenant Glendenning," the colonel shouted, "go to your quarters! You are under arrest."

* * * * * *

When all the lights had gone from the place where the Second Battalion camped, the colonel found he could not sleep. The colonel had lived a long time, and in that time had had sons, and sometimes it seemed that the young men under him were like his sons, and especially that Lieutenant Glendenning was like a son. So when all the lights were gone the colonel rose and went to the tent of Johnny Glendenning, to look upon him as a parent looks upon a son.

Perhaps he had been a bit harsh, the colonel thought. All young men, at one time or another, go out on a bat. Particularly when they have been away from home a long time in dismal places like they had been in. Their heads were turned, and they went on a bat.

The colonel stepped into Johnny's tent. The lieutenant was breathing the deep sleep of exhaustion. His mosquito bar was loose. The colonel tucked it firmly under the blanket.

The lieutenant's bedside table was an empty case that had once held beans. The colonel's flashlight found it, and the papers scattered on it.

He looked close, and fingered them. There was a receipt for two dollars from the county clerk of Montgomery County, Maryland. It was dated February 11. It didn't say what for. There was a hotel bill for twelve dollars, at the Mayflower, Washington. It was stamped paid. It was dated February 12.

There was a sheaf of postcards bearing scenes of Karachi, India, and some problems in mathematics involving dollars and pounds on a sheet of paper bearing the insignia of the Pan-American base at Bermuda.

The colonel looked at all these things, and then he went to bed. It was a very peculiar war, he thought, and in it were some very peculiar people. For the first time in a long while he felt he would get home again. He would not write his memoirs of this particular war, because no one would believe them. This distinctly was not his war.

(Copyright)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Worth Reporting

PRIME Minister Curtin received a riotous welcome home to the Lodge in Canberra from Lady Windermere and Trixie.

They are the pomeranian and Dalmatian, respectively, belonging to Mr. Curtin's chauffeur, Ray Tracey.

Lady Windermere and Trixie have sadly missed their tours round the garden with Mr. Curtin during his three months' absence.

On several occasions, recognising the Prime Minister's car, they have rushed expectantly to the gates, only to find the passenger was not the Prime Minister, but his deputy, Mr. Forde.

Mr. Curtin has a lot of personal mail to catch up on, including many letters containing nostrums to cure his illness. One, from an old lady, advises him always to carry a potato in his trousers pocket to cure his neuritis.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtin, by the way, do not write many letters to each other. They phone daily.

Obstinate

APPOINTMENT of the first woman professor at Oxford, Ida Mann, reminds us of a story told by a Girton woman about the famous English professor, Quiller-Couch, at Cambridge during the 1914-18 war.

"Q" always opened his lectures with the word "Gentlemen," and when women students joined his classes he never varied his address as a concession to their presence.

As the war dragged on, enlistments and call-ups depleted the ranks, until at last one morning his class included only one man in a lecture hall full of women.

But still "Q" opened with the same resounding—"Gentlemen."

* * *

A BRISBANE mother gave a birthday party for her six-year-old son the other day, and asked 14 of his school friends. She arranged such games as "Drop the Hankie," "Oranges and Lemons," and others supposed to delight the hearts of small boys.

Not these infants. Having made a locust onslaught on the lemonade and cake, the whole 14, spurning the games, climbed the mango tree and sang, "Pistol Packin' Momma."

Topline songs

THE two songs which are hitting the topline of popularity in England at the moment are foreign imports.

Fred Hartley, Director of Light Entertainment for the B.B.C., who has just arrived in Australia, says that everyone is singing "Yours," which is of Cuban extraction, and "Lilli Marlene," picked up by men of the Eighth Army from German broadcasts in the Middle East.

Alan Murray's old song, "I'll Walk Beside You," is the most popular wartime ballad.

Fred Hartley, who has come here to advise the A.B.C. on light musical programmes, first introduced Vera Lynn to radio audiences when he featured her as "Sweetheart of the Forces" on his Sunday night show.

He regards singers Joan Hammond and Essie Ackland as outstanding Australians in the London music world.

"To-day's spesh'ul, Missus — a bunch of flowers and a clothes-prop, eight bob."

Oh boy, oh Boyer!

(Charles Boyer says it hampers his style to make love before the cameras to a woman whom he has just met.—Cable Item.)

DEAR sir, if you can be so charming
To ladies whom you find alarming,
Oh, Mr. Boyer, please reserve us
Seats for when you don't feel nervous!

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Truer profits

IN his latest volume of essays, "On Living in a Revolution," Professor Julian Huxley keeps hammering against the current cry that the profit motive is the only one that stirs people to sustained action.

"War," he says, "is the clearest demonstration of how economic motives can be made to take second place. But it would be equally possible to make patriotism the chief motive in peacetime, a patriotism which takes pride in the achievements of the whole nation.

"A people can be proud of having the lowest infant mortality in the world or of increasing the number of those with a college education, of abolishing malnutrition and slums, of possessing beautiful cities and fine orchestras."

* * *

AUSTRALIA'S order for 2,000,000 corsets in the American market prompted this wisecrack from the "Toronto Star," Canada: "Evidently intending to be in good shape for the peace."

Bikes go to war

EVERY Spitfire pilot must learn to ride a bike. Aerodromes nowadays are huge, yet pilots must be able to reach their dispersed planes in a hurry. So the signal to "scramble" often means that they must throw themselves on cycles and pedal madly off.

At the Normandy landing, the Royal Warwickshire Regiment waded ashore with bicycles held shoulder high, then mounted and pedalled calmly off in the face of vicious fire.

Each British infantry battalion on active service has 33 cycles attached to it. Parachutists carry folding cycles, weighing a little under 30 pounds.

Out of the Darkness

AN exhibition in Fleet Street, London, showed samples of some of the hundreds of newssheets which, in defiance of Nazi penalties of death or torture, are still being produced by members of the resistance movements.

The exhibition is aptly named "Out of the Darkness."

Papers are printed and circulated so that those locked up inside Europe may learn the truth about what is being done outside toward freeing them from the forces of tyranny.

Poland's resistance movement possesses 140 regularly published papers. Of these 88 appear in Warsaw alone. All suppressed European countries are represented in the exhibition.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727920

Film Reviews

★★★ SONG OF BERNADETTE

THIS film is a powerful, emotional and absorbing drama based on Franz Werfel's best-selling novel, and brought to the screen by Fox.

The screening time is over two and a half hours, but the exquisite simplicity of acting, direction, and photography make every minute memorable.

The inspirational religious theme tells the story of a lowly peasant girl who saw the Blessed Virgin, and with her help discovered the healing spring at Lourdes—a grotto for the divine healing of those sick in mind or body.

As the simple peasant Bernadette, Jennifer Jones makes one of the most impressive debuts in screen history. In this role Miss Jones received the Academy Award for the best actress of the year, and never has an award been more richly deserved. Her portrayal is haunting for its sensitive, wistful beauty, and the saintly figure of Bernadette is one that will linger long in your memory.

Infinite care has obviously been given to the selection of the supporting cast, with the result that it is one of the most outstanding seen in a long, long time.

Those whose performances are particularly noteworthy are Charles Bickford, William Eythe, Vincent Price, Gladys Cooper, Lee J. Cobb, Anne Revere, and Roman Bohnen, but this is mentioning only a few who contribute gem-like characterisations.—Century; showing.

★★★ IN THIS OUR LIFE

BRILLIANTLY directed by John Huston, this film is a high-pitched, emotional drama of a ruthless and selfish girl who ruins the happiness of everyone with whom she is connected.

Bette Davis, as the unsympathetic and callous heroine, adds another superb characterisation to her screen career. Her performance is brutal and frightening in its intensity.

Although the spotlight rarely falters from Miss Davis, the supporting cast give such impressive performances that they cannot be overlooked. Olivia de Havilland's portrayal of the deserted wife and abused sister is deeply moving, and Billie Burke and Hattie McDaniel are fine in lesser roles. George Brent and Dennis Morgan handle difficult assignments with ease. Charles Coburn gives his usual fine performance as a willing victim of Bette's scheming, and in direct contrast, but equally good, is Frank Craven's quiet, faintly bewildered father role.—Tatler; showing.

★ THREE MEN IN WHITE

INTERESTED fans of the Dr. Gillespie series will probably be mildly entertained by this latest effort, but others will condemn the stupid story with its far-fetched episodes.

The script provides for the regulation romance, as well as the usual mysterious medical cases, but on the whole it is disappointingly dull.

Even that popular young leading man Van Johnson as one of Dr. Gillespie's assistants does little to pep up the interest. Keye Luke and Lionel Barrymore appear in standard roles, but both are handicapped by poor material.

Marilyn Maxwell pursues Johnson with unladylike determination, and Ava Gardner is appealing in a minor role.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

COMEDIAN Phil Silvers looks a little worried—and well he might be—as Carmen Miranda wields a make-up brush between scenes of the Fox film, "Something For The Boys."

ERROL FLYNN has left for New York to seek a publisher for his latest book, "The Longboat."

Film colony romances of the New Year

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD, in Hollywood

Romance has come into the film colony in the new year, with two marriages this week — and perhaps a third.

In deepest secrecy, Alexander Knox, of "Wilson" fame, married actress Doris Nolan. Alexander is 37, Doris is 28.

A couple of days later, twenty-year-old screen newcomer Joyce Reynolds, who has just finished the title role in "Janie," married her schooldays sweetheart, Robert Lewis, now a marine flier.

Hollywood is now eagerly awaiting Bette Davis' return from New York, where she has been visiting Corporal Lewis Riley, who was recently transferred there from North Carolina.

Many believe that Bette and the six-foot Army corporal will marry during this vacation, although both Bette and Lewis refuse to comment.

Incidentally, gossip is also rife that Lana Turner and Turhan Bey are planning a wedding in the near future.

* * *

AFTER a simple wedding ceremony, vivacious rising star Gloria De Haven and John Payne are honeymooning at Palm Springs. As John shares the custody of his daughter Julie with former wife, Ann Shirley, Gloria has agreed to have the child staying with them for six months each year.

AT the Hollywood Canteen, Bing Crosby delighted the servicemen by taking along his four sons, who enthusiastically accompanied Bing in all his songs.

* * *

ALWAYS interested in lending a helping hand to others, John Garfield is now working out plans to establish a film school for servicemen and servicewomen desirous of acting careers. The scheme is still nebulous, but John admitted that other stars connected with the Hollywood Canteen are keen on the project.

* * *

WARNERS' new film, "Three Strangers," gives an important role to British Joan Loring, who is a refugee from Shanghai. Joan is featured with Sidney Greenstreet and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

* * *

AFTER the war, Burgess Meredith is planning to make a film in England, starring his wife, Paulette Goddard, in a story which Burgess is writing between scenes of his current film, "GI Joe."

2GB YOUR FAVOURITE RADIO HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK 2GB

SUNDAY
The Macquarie Play:
"Out of the Dark"
Drama—starring Nova Carr-Glyn and Peter Finch.
Sunday, 8 p.m.

MONDAY
"Star Theatre"
New co-starring team—John Nugent Hayward and Lyndall Barbour.
Monday, 9 p.m.

TUESDAY
"Women of Courage"
Shining examples of gallantry throughout the ages.
Mon. to Thurs., 1.30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY
"Cashmere Bouquet Show"
Crammed to the limit with melody, comedy, and song.
Wednesday, 8 p.m.

THURSDAY
"The Vagabonds"
A story of the Strolling Players and their daily adventures.
Mon. to Thurs., 12 noon

FRIDAY
"The Quiz Kids"
Those amazing youngsters . . . who know all the answers.
Friday, 8 p.m.

SATURDAY
"Melodies and Memories"
Interesting reminiscences by famous artists.
Saturday, 8 p.m.

2GB THE NATION'S STATION! Key Station of the Macquarie Network 2GB

Old Sinners Never Die

Continued from page 27

I WAS annoyed to think that Mahoney should have let us down so badly, but Eileen was, after all, a very beautiful girl. It would be a delight to train her, guiding her footsteps up the social ladder, correcting those little enthusiasms and exuberances to which she was girlishly prone.

I determined to dismiss all thoughts of old Mahoney and his penury from my mind, and I sat down and wrote to Eileen forthwith, composing my letter with the greatest care.

"My dear Miss Eileen,—I hope you will not think it presumptuous of me, but your absence has served to strengthen the deep and faithful love I cherish for you, and of which you must surely be aware. Now that I have your father's permission to speak to you on this matter, I can be no longer silent.

"Your beauty, your sweetness of disposition, and the many amiable qualities which endear you to your friends have made you dearer to me than any or all of them. I love you as a man should love a woman he wishes to make his wife, and I am bold enough to hope that this avowal will cause you pleasure.

"I ask you to be my wife, and assure you that the best efforts of my life shall be devoted to your happiness and comfort.

"I am not a millionaire . . ."

I paused as I wrote, for the words reminded me of something Larry had said, and amended the sentence:

"I may not be a man of great wealth, but I have ample means, as your father will explain to you, and I can give you a position in society which, coupled with my enduring love, should, as the poet says,

"'Make our lives together a thing of bliss
Like eternal summer, an enduring kiss.'

"I look forward to your answer consenting to make me the happiest of men. In the meantime,

"I remain, dear Miss Eileen,
"Your devoted
"Harry."

The verse, which I copied from a birthday book, seemed to me to strike a happy if somewhat daring note of intimacy.

I considered a postscript condoling with her about her father's health, but abandoned the idea as tending to bring a gloomy note into an otherwise lighthearted document. I made a nice, clean copy of the draft, and sent it off with the afternoon mail.

Larry's disappearance lost interest for the town, which was intrigued and excited by Timothy Speek's unusual death. No actual tidings of the lad were received, but a small boy walking to school on the edge of the flooded creek picked up a cap and ran to Hennessy with his find. The schoolmaster identified it as Larry's, and was quite disconsolate.

The body, however, was not found, although the search was continued persistently, for there were many curious places in which a raging flood might deposit its victims.

As coroner, Sam Cotter set the day for the inquest. As storekeeper, he saw to it that it did not conflict with the regular weekly half-holiday, for he was well aware that it would attract many from the outlying districts glad to enhance the day's excitement with a little pleasurable shopping.

The inquest was held in the hall in which our concert had taken place a few nights previously. Again every seat was occupied, but, this time, Sam Cotter took the centre of the stage, seated at a deal table and dressed in the conspicuously new suit he had worn to Speek's funeral, his collar inordinately high and stiff. He reeked with authority as he frowned across the table, on which papers in prodigious quantities helped to create the magisterial atmosphere.

A JURY of five had been sworn in. In that sparsely populated district the law permitted that number, and never in my life saw I a less intelligent-looking group. All appeared ill at ease, and kept twiddling their collars and coughing self-consciously, obviously as interested in the impression they were creating as in the solemn duties they had so lightly sworn to discharge.

They were, indeed, the sort of men one hardly associated with, and never, of course, recognised socially, and it was beyond my understanding how Burke had come to select them. The foreman, I noticed, was the chief hand at Garnet Price's farm.

By the time I had found a seat the body had already been identified and Helen Speek was seated at one end of the coroner's table, being questioned by Cotter.

"What time was it when you discovered that your husband was dead, Mrs. Speek?"

"It was about a quarter to eleven."

"Tell us about it."

"My husband had killed himself."

"What made you think that?"

"There was a pistol in his hand."

"What did you do when you saw this?"

"I ran to Doctor Hansen's, but he was away. I called at the police station to get Constable Burke, but he was absent also."

"Then what did you do?"

"I ran to Mrs. Marven's."

"Why to Mrs. Marven's?"

"I saw the light in the hotel—and, besides, she is my friend."

Sam Cotter removed his spectacles and said with a smile which embraced the whole courtroom: "I think we may fairly say that Mrs. Marven is everyone's friend." He beamed, and they took the cue. There was restrained laughter, and, looking very pleased with himself, he continued his questioning.

"And what did Mrs. Marven do?"

"She came back to my house with me. She was wonderful. She——"

"Never mind that, Mrs. Speek. We will hear Mrs. Marven later." He wiped his spectacles. "Tell the court, Mrs. Speek. Did you get on well with your husband?"

Everyone there knew that she didn't, but they hung breathlessly on her answer.

"No."

I thought Cotter looked a little taken back by this unequivocal reply, and, personally, I thought the woman was a fool to be so honest about her feelings.

The coroner pursued his inquiry: "Do you think your husband was jealous?"

Her eyes had been cast down, but at the question she lifted them and stared Cotter full in the face.

"Yes," she said. "He was jealous of me and of everybody and everything. He was a sour man."

There was a titter, then silence as they awaited the answer to Cotter's next question.

"Was he jealous of anyone in particular?"

Helen Speek hesitated and Cotter spoke again. "Come, Mrs. Speek, please answer."

She looked about her and down into the packed hall where they were all waiting expectant, avid, but she did not speak.

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727921

Movie World

● LINDA DARNELL, who has just turned 21, has been playing sophisticated adult roles since she was 15. At 19, Linda married cameraman Peverell Marley, who is over twenty years her senior. This glamorous young star doesn't drink or smoke, and dislikes night-clubs. You will see her soon in Fox's film biography of famous band-leader Benny Goodman, "Sweet and Low Down."

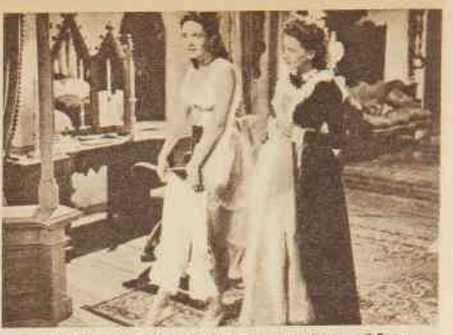
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727922

Fanny By Gaslight

1 **ILLEGITIMATE** daughter of Cabinet Minister Seymore, Fanny grows up in atmosphere of a London wine saloon owned by her foster-father and mother.

2 **YEARS LATER,** her foster-father is killed in a brawl with the dissolute Lord Manderstoke (James Mason), and Fanny is sent to live with Seymore.

3 **A STRONG,** though secret, affection develops between Fanny (Phyllis Calvert) and her real father, Seymore (Stuart Lindsell), and she becomes personal maid to Seymore's faithless and unscrupulous wife, Alicia.



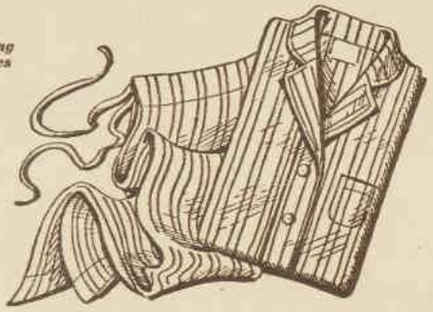
4 **ALICIA** (Margaretta Scott) loves Manderstoke and when she threatens to reveal Fanny as her husband's illegitimate child Seymore suicides.

5 **THE ESTATE** is entrusted to Seymore's secretary, Harry (Stewart Granger), who locates Fanny working as a barmaid. He loves her, but his parents disapprove.

6 **FANNY DISAPPEARS,** and when Harry eventually finds her he sees Manderstoke insulting the girl. Harry begs her to marry him and Fanny agrees.

7 **IN PARIS,** Fanny and Harry again meet Manderstoke, who challenges Harry to a duel in which Harry is badly wounded but kills Manderstoke.

Buy War Saving Certificates



RATIONING AT ITS BEST

Horrockses are in battle dress these days. It's standard cloths for all of us till the war is ended, but the Horrockses standard still remains on top. Horrockses flannelette is still softest and strongest; Horrockses sheets and pillowcases the most durable on the market.

When the war finishes *all* the Horrockses lines will return — as perfect in quality as ever.

Horrockses REGD

Flannelette

MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS A.1. LONGCLOTH

Victorian drama

THE narrow streets of London between Leicester Square and Haymarket, dull and nondescript to-day, have a gay past. Here were the night spots of the 1870's, the "dives" frequented by young bloods in search of easy virtue laced with a bottle of champagne. "Fanny By Gaslight," Gainsborough's screen version of Michael Sadleir's best-selling novel, gives more than a glimpse of this saucy corner of Queen Victoria's London. Phyllis Calvert is the attractive heroine of the film, which Anthony Asquith directed, with Edward Black as producer.

To Relieve Kidney Disorders

Take half a teaspoonful of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts in a glass of warm water on rising. Try them to-day and get relief to-morrow. At all chemists and stores, 1/6 and 2/6.

JUNIPAH

MINERAL SPRING SALTS

Hard Working Hands

Stay Lovely

with Pond's Hand Lotion

Rich and concentrated, Pond's Hand Lotion contains special softening and whitening ingredients which go to work the minute it is applied. Just before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops on to the palms of your hands and massage well in. Leave on while you sleep. You'll be thrilled to see how much whiter and softer your hands become.

Owing to wartime transport regulations, Pond's Hand Lotion is temporarily not available in N.S.W. and Q'land.

FOR SOFT *Kissable* HANDS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727923

SECRETARY OF WAR

NO FANFARE OF TRUMPETS greets the office worker when she arrives to do her humdrum task. She doesn't wear a snappy uniform, or repair a bomber, or drive a staff car. Heroics aren't in her line at all—but she does a vital war job none the less.

Imagine trying to fight a war without "office work"! Think of the millions of typewritten sheets that convey messages, instructions, reports, technical information, figures. Without them not a tank or a plane could be built, or a cargo moved, or a soldier equipped, or a battle planned.

Women in offices are doing more work and carrying heavier responsibilities than ever before. Men have gone to war, staff shortages are acute; but they carry on with quiet efficiency.

When the full story of this struggle is told, great credit must be given to these "secretaries of war" who are doing so much to keep the machinery of industry and government running smoothly.

—A TRIBUTE FROM BERLEI

PERSONAL FITTING NECESSARY

Every Berlei is a scientific figure-supporting garment that will suit a particular figure-type and that type only. So please be sure, when you are buying a new Berlei, that you get one that is right for you. The only way to be sure is to have a personal fitting.

Berlei

TRUE-TO-TYPE FOUNDATIONS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727924

SEEN IN ENGLAND...

TO A SIMPLE FROCK of black silk crepe Rima adds an unusual short-sleeved jacket in pale blue. The basqued waistline and cross-over front are novel and flattering.

THESE two frocks show the current English trend. The wide belt and red-and-white striped gilet of the red frock on the left is as new as the trim bodice and gathered frills of the blue dress on the right. Both frocks feature full, gathered skirts to contrast effectively with the nipped-in bodices.

AT FIRST GLANCE you would think the honey-colored linen frock on the left was a smart suit. The deception is contrived by an apron front on the skirt. The other lass selects a trim jacket and skirt of finest wool in the new grey-brown shade known as donkey.

IT IS SMART to turn your back in this Dorville skirtwaist model, because soft pleats at yoke and hipline provide fashion interest as well as comfortable fullness.

SLEEVES are mostly three-quarter-length or very short. The popularity of the elbow-length sleeve is waning with the narrow belt. Belts are now never less than two inches wide and often as wide as six or eight inches.

* * *

Black and grey is a favorite color scheme this year. Worth showed a smart variation with a black coat-frock, garnished with grey buttons, collar, cuffs, and belt, and worn with matching grey accessories.

* * *

Scarves are being carried, and worn as cravats or instead of hats. But just any scarf won't do. Scarves must mean something. They must be in regimental colors with army badges printed over them, they must be printed like a newspaper, set out with mottoes, or else they must depict some sort of scene—hunting, ski-ing, canoeing. Every scarf must tell a story.

ELECTRONICS

..the key to Tomorrow

The radio valve is really an electron tube. It controls *electrons*—the smallest particles of matter known to science.

Philips scientists and engineers have long been putting the electron to work for the welfare of man. They have pioneered and developed many electronic vacuum tubes, apparatus and appliances whose purpose is to labour, to entertain, to instruct, to heal.

Remember, when you handle a Philips Valve you have in your fingers the key to the most uncanny yet the most potent discovery of modern times.

PHILIPS

Lamps and Lighting • Radio and Television • Transmitting Equipment
Electronic Devices • X-Ray Apparatus • Electrical Equipment for Industry, etc.

Philips Electrical Industries of Australia Pty. Limited

Sydney — Melbourne — Adelaide — Perth — Brisbane

PL.25.44

VIROL

THIS famous food helped before the war to build up the children who, as the men and women of to-day, are doing such fine work in every sphere.

Unfortunately supplies cannot be made available at present. It is hoped, however, that conditions will soon allow Virol to be sent for the children who will need its valuable properties to fit them for the tasks of to-morrow.

VIROL LIMITED

Food Specialists

LONDON · ENGLAND

Now You Can Wear

FALSE TEETH

With Real Comfort

FASTEETH, a new, pleasant powder, keeps teeth firmly set. Deodorizes. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. To eat and laugh in comfort just sprinkle a little **FASTEETH** on your plates. Get it to-day at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

Sue's got those Saturday Night Blues

Undies absorb perspiration from the skin. Worn a second day, they betray unpleasant perspiration odour. Lux underthings straight after every wearing. That makes pretties last much longer, too, because perspiration, as well as causing offence, weakens precious threads. Nightly Luxing helps two ways.

SAVE UNDIES . . .

SAFEGUARD CHARM WITH—

A LEVER PRODUCT U.150.26

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727925

AND AMERICA . . .

● *A middy-tunic broadening the shoulders and narrowing the hips is this two-piece red crepe with navy-and-white polka-dot bow and collar lining to match the cap.*

● *Designed in New York, this black silk crepe, printed with posies, is charming for afternoons. The square neck and shoulder yoke are outlined with appliqued red daisies.*

● *A navy skirt is topped by an arresting white jacket, animated with navy scroll embroidery to match the piping. The low neckline is adorned with a soft draped bow of white chiffon.*

● *Blue-and-white print looks cool and charming made in this summer style, with a full-in-the-front skirt, a low, rounded neckline, and comfortable kimono sleeves.*

● *For glamorous debutantes, New York designers select this frock of black silk crepe. The turned-back neckline is fastened with rosebuds, which match the long pink gloves.*

NEW YORK designer Charles Cooper uses the Russian silhouette, sometimes shirred and in contrasting color, to give width at the hips, or with sheer ruffling posed on the hips or the sides to give a Cossack effect.

The popular sweater theme gives a two-piece look to many of the one-piece dresses with their long moulded bodices and softly gathered skirts. The two-piece effect is often achieved by color contrast between bodice and skirt.

Many short dinner-frocks feature mid-Victorian bead embroidery, flower, or stylised patterns done in the subdued colors of that era. They have pretty squared or low rounded necklines with a deep border of the embroidery, and bouquets or motifs scattered over the dress.

At her recent fashion show, Hattie Carnegie introduced a whole new range of luscious colors . . . staccato-pink, nocturne-purple, ronde-green, trumpet-yellow. She uses them magnificently with a dull black that she has named pavane; and in brilliant and subtle contrast with each other.

DO YOU KNOW?

Anne Boleyn believed that chewing the root of the rosemary plant was a sure protection against toothache. Beauties of today rely on Kolynos Dental Cream. Your teeth are cleaner after brushing with Kolynos, so naturally they're whiter, more sparkling. Kolynos is made from the formula of a famous dental surgeon, Dr. N. S. Jenkins.

Kolynos has been awarded the gold seal of the London Institute of Hygiene for consistent purity and quality.

The Australian Ant-eater has fifty more teeth than any other land mammal, yet it hardly ever eats anything but soft ants.

It would take £12/10/- to restore the average mouth to dental health, according to the U.S. Dental Association. Twice-daily brushing with Kolynos will help you to cut down on your dentists' bills. Kolynos swirls into all those interstices where dangerous food deposits collect.

In Sumatra a kind of medicinal cigar is smoked to prevent toothache and stop pain.

Do you know that Kolynos is also available as a Tooth Powder? Cleans with the same thoroughness as Kolynos Dental Cream. You might like Kolynos even better in this form—why not try it? At chemists and stores.

Summer time is danger time!

KILL FLIES and MOSQUITOES with

FLY-TOX

When the Lights shine again

"SPARKLING 22"

A Special Message . . . . Introducing to the thousands of ESCAPADE LIPSTICK users a new Spring and Summer shade . . . . **"SPARKLING 22"**. This glorious new colour being a natural red . . . gives sparkling life to the lips.

Escapade Lipstick is made under licence and from the formula of one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers. Made in two sizes.

Escapade

THE THOROUGHBRED OF LIPSTICKS

Send for FREE BOOK on DANCING!

SEND for your copy of sensational free book all about dancing. Explains Bolot Method in detail, how you can learn at home, without music or partner, to dance perfectly. Limited offer! Send TO-DAY!

SIMPLE AS A.B.C.

IT does not matter if you have never danced a step in your life before—or if you have been trying for years to dance—the famous BOLOT System guarantees to make you an accomplished dancer in just 30 days—OR IT COSTS YOU NOT ONE PENNY. It will teach you all the latest dances—Slow Fox Trot, Quick Step, Waltz, Tango, Rumba, Jitterbug, etc.—together with Modern Old Time. The BOLOT System never fails; you have Professor Bolot's personal guarantee.

Post the coupon for your Free Book.

TEAR COUPON—POST NOW!

PROFESSOR J. BOLOT, F.A.R.,
French Dancing Academy,
Studio 38, 62-64-66 Oxford St., Sydney.

Dear Sir,—Please send me by return mail a copy of your FREE book, "Dancing as a Fine Art." I enclose 5d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... 13/1/'45

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727926

Have a "Coke" = Aloha No

(WELCOME FRIEND)

"Coke" = Coca-Cola. It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

. . . or how to be at home in Hawaii—or Hobart

There are two ways to greet a friend in Hawaii. *Aloha No,* says the native, and *Have a "Coke,"* says the sailor . . . Both expressions carry the same note of welcome and affection . . . From Honolulu to Hobart Coca-Cola has become the symbol of *the pause that refreshes*—the gracious introduction between kindly-minded strangers.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, U.S.A.
(Liability Limited)
SYDNEY

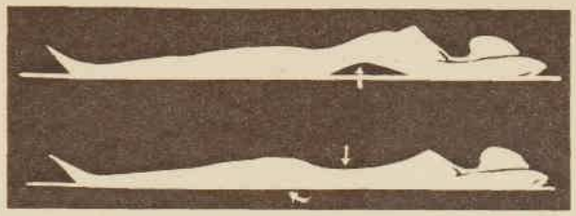
—the global high-sign

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727927

Exercise for slender grace

● These four exercises have been evolved for the "bumpy" type of girl and woman. Do them every day and you'll banish bulges from torso and walk with grace.

THIS IS NO. 1 exercise, which is fully described in article. This and other exercises should be done every morning before dressing. Failing this, every night before slipping into bed.



FLOOR EXERCISE, listed as No. 2 in the series. See article.

HERE is the chance for the woman who is always promising to make herself over; get rid of bulges round waist and hips.

The exercises are by no means too strenuous—you won't suffer a heart seizure doing them.

Concentrate intently on each movement, and in a month or two you'll marvel at the change in your figure. Here are the exercises:

No. 1 (illustrated at left): Stand with heels together, muscles loose, and bend the body as low as possible.

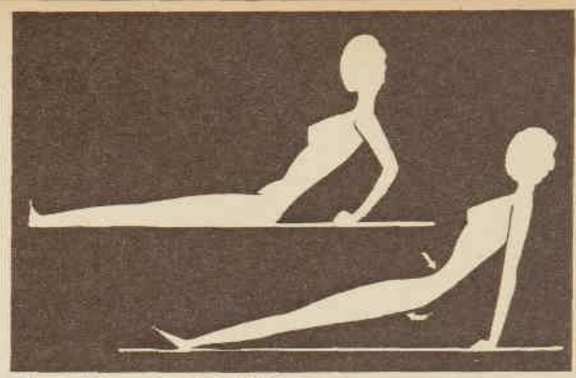
Now, while concentrating on what you are doing, contract muscles of your tummy and those of the seat. Raise body and repeat ten times.

No. 2 (illustrated above): Lie on mat on floor, cross arms at back of head.

Now, keeping spine on ground, contract the tummy muscles, then make a hollow of your back, bringing pelvis forward. Relax, and repeat ten times.

No. 3 (illustrated top right): Sit down on floor, slightly bend body backwards while supporting yourself on your palms, as shown. Then, contracting muscles of tummy and seat, lift yourself from floor. Relax, and repeat ten times.

No. 4 (illustrated at right): Kneel down, resting on your heels. With one hand follow movement of abdominal muscles as you contract them; with the other, the straightening of your back. Lift yourself slightly (as shown), contracting muscles as in No. 1 exercise. Repeat ten times.



If you feel you cannot face all the above exercises try these:

1.—Stand erect, feet apart, arms at side, shoulder height. At count of one, bend from waist straight to right side (if you bend forward at all you're cheating), stretching right arm down right leg as far as possible, curving left arm over head. Keep heels on floor, knees straight, face forward. At count of two return to original position. Reverse and repeat. Subtracts inches from sides above waistline, slims waist.

2.—Stand erect, feet apart, arms extended at sides, shoulder height. (1) Pivot upper body at waistline (do not move feet), swinging right arm forward and round to left, left arm back and to right. (2) Swing right arm down to left toe, left arm up, hand above head. Keep knees and elbows straight, both heels on floor. (3) Resume position one. (4) Return to original position. Reverse. Repeat. This exercise will do miracles for the waistline.

FINAL EXERCISE in the series. This one helps to disperse fat round tummy, dispense with that "spare tyre"; also good for reducing seat and thighs.

From Paris—

PARISIANS evidently became hair conscious because of hat shortage during Nazi occupation, so revived 18th century coiffures. What do you think of the hair style above?

HERE'S ANOTHER! This Parisienne wears her hair combed high in front with back loosely plaited and encircling crown of head.

British Chief

THE SMART COTTON FABRIC THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS

WORLD'S FINEST HAIRBRUSH WILL BE YOURS AGAIN When victory comes

This Genuine MASON PEARSON HAIRBRUSH has the Pneumatic Rubber Cushion with patented "Spired Multiple Tuft" bristles of finest quality.

MASON PEARSON HAIRBRUSH LONDON, ENG.

Aust. Representatives: Thos. H. Levy Pty. Ltd.

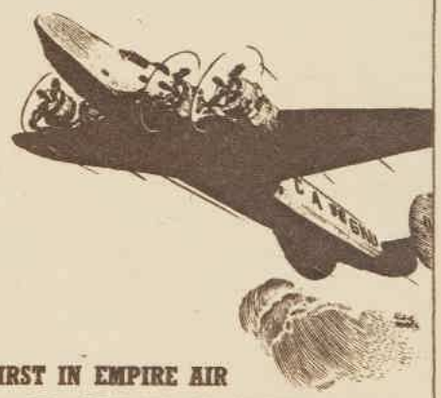
In Middle Age Kidneys Often Need This Help

Many people going into middle age note a slowing down of the healthy kidney action of youth. While this is to be expected to a degree, if backache is a constant worry to you, Nature may be warning that there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS today. They are a special treatment for the kidneys, and will give quick and lasting benefit. Old and young alike can take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS with perfect safety.



FIRST IN EMPIRE AIR RESEARCH

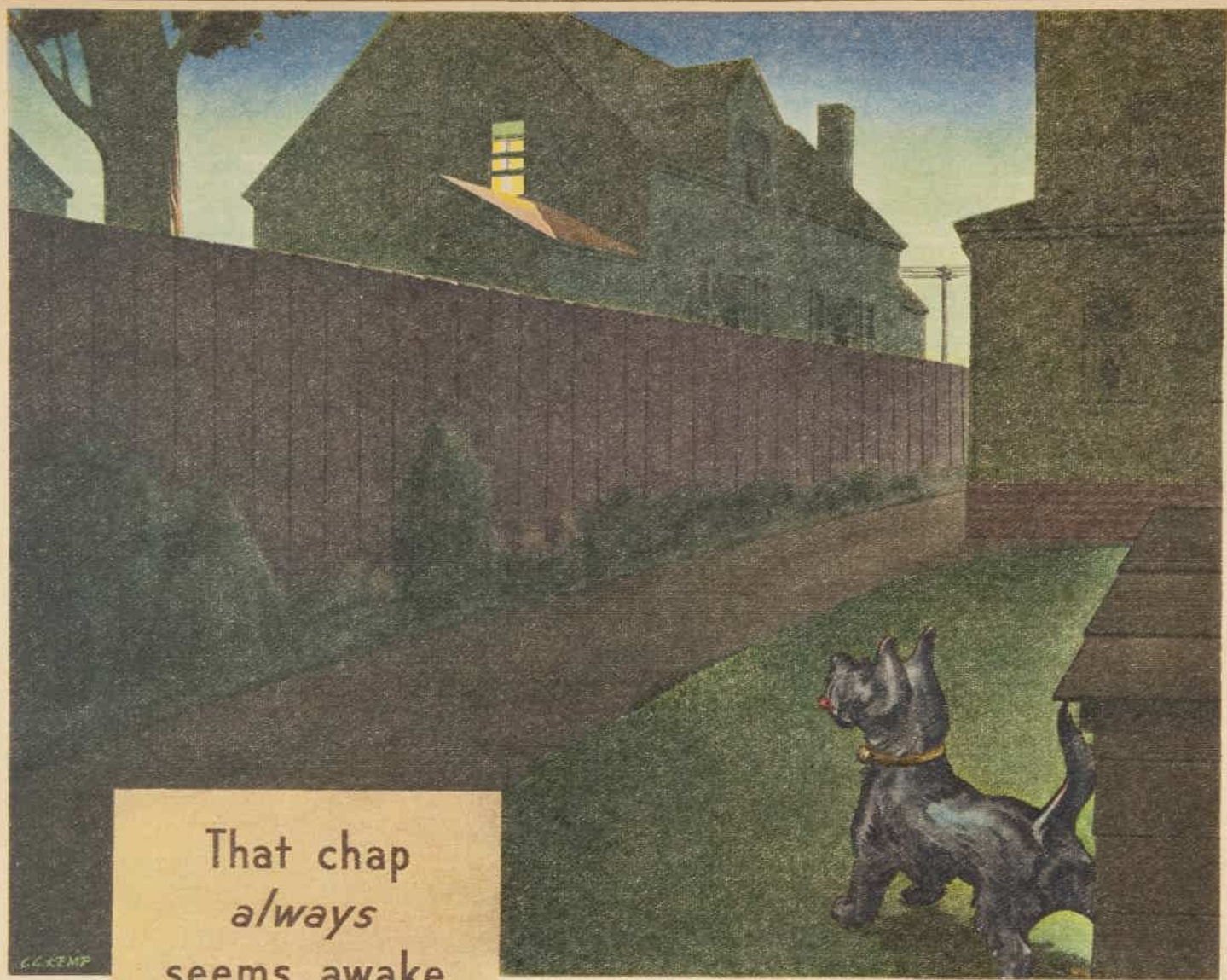
Inspired by the pioneering spirit, which developed from an outback Australian aerial service of 25 years ago, the greatest British aviation organization in the Southern Hemisphere today, Qantas looks ever forward to new conquests in Tomorrow's air realm.

Through tireless research and knowledge gained in unsurpassed merchant air service wartime achievements, this Empire-minded "Front-line Airline" has become incomparably well-conditioned to play a major role in Post-war aviation.

Qantas EMPIRE AIRWAYS LTD.

SYDNEY MELBOURNE BRISBANE TOWNSVILLE PERTH

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727928



That chap *always* seems awake

"Whenever I pop out to make a checkup, there's that light burning. It irritates me; here's the entire neighbourhood asleep except for that chap. Wonder what he does—awake at all hours. If he had my boss's wisdom, he'd know all about Cadbury's Bourn-vita. What did I hear them say that it was made of? Rich full cream milk, barley malt, eggs and chocolate. Yes, sir, that's nourishment and the perfect sleep-inducing night-cap. Well, I don't suppose there'll be anything else of interest until that milkman arrives so I think I'll turn in. Do wish, though, that I could think of some way of advising that fellow to benefit, as my boss did, from a regular bedtime drink of Cadbury's Bourn-vita."

Cadbury's BOURN-VITA for SOUND SLEEP

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727929

FOR A SUMMER EVENING: Dinner of salad loin with crisp greens and Russian salad, fruit, and a long, cool drink. See details on this page.

● Here are menus that require a minimum of time in preparation during the heat of the day . . . that attract the appetite with color and coolness . . . that supply food essentials in delicious combinations.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

IT'S never too hot to eat the right sort of food.

Away with too many pastries, cakes, scones, and other flour mixtures; heavy soups, sauces, and casseroles of meats are taboo.

In come daily salads, cold meat collations, light, icy sweets and long cold drinks of fruit juice and milk, feather-light cookies to round off the appetite with end-of-meal reviver—freshly made tea or black coffee.

If the refrigerator is an unrealised dream in your kitchen, and the ice-chest inadequate or absent, improvise a cool safe, standing the frame in a trough of water, topping it with a flat trough of water, and hang wet hessian flaps round the four sides, keeping the tops and ends in water.

Do as much of the preparation, the baking of meat loaves, the preparation of salad vegetables, the mixing of sweets, in the cool of the early morning.

If you are an all-day-at-home housewife, the finest summer plan is very early rising, complete rest on the line of the tropic siesta after lunch, and then fresh, cool, and ready for the family in the evening.

Note, if you please, some of the methods in the following recipes . . . the low-temperature baking that makes the cold cuts moist, tender, and full of flavor; the quick cooking of vegetables in lidded pans in small quantity of water until just tender, a method that serves vegetables full of flavor and value; the addition of fresh lemon juice to strained barley water, an addition that adds tartness and vitamin C to this already valuable and lately fashionable drink.

MENU 1

Curried Fish Savories
Salad Loin of Lamb
Russian Salad
Baby Squash, Lettuce
Fruit
Coffee Currant Cookies

MENU 2

Hot Stuffed Squash
Minted New Potatoes
Carrot Straws, Peas
Melba Toast
Coffee Shape
Lemon Tea

MENU 3

Weiner Schnitzel
Tomatoes, Creamed Potatoes
Green Side-salad
Stewed Gooseberries with Savory
Biscuits spread with Cream Cheese
Barley Water Coffee

MENU 4

Clear Tomato Broth
Liver Salad Loaf, Potato Salad
Beet jellied in Orange Sauce
Lettuce, Celery
Spiced Apricot Tart
Coffee

SALAD LOIN OF LAMB

Two pounds middle loin of lamb, dripping, 1 cup vinegar, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon hot water, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon freshly chopped mint, 2 tablespoons aspic jelly, 1 tablespoon chopped capsicum (may be omitted).

Have butcher chop bone, cutting into eight to ten sections, but not cutting into separate chops. Roll flap under, place loin in pan with about two tablespoons of dripping and bake slowly (325deg. F.) for 1¼ to 1½ hours, basting two or three times with hot fat. Lift on to dish. Combine vinegar, sugar dissolved in the hot water, salt, and mint, and baste the loin several times with the minted vinegar while it is cooling. When cold, glaze with aspic jelly and sprinkle with chopped capsicum. Carve, and serve with salad.

RUSSIAN SALAD

Two cups diced, cooked potatoes, 1 cup diced, cooked carrot, 1 cup cooked green peas or string beans, a clove of garlic or sliced onion, salt, oil, and vinegar or lemon juice dressing.

Combine potatoes, carrot, and peas. Place garlic or onion in bottom of bowl, add vegetable, sprinkle with salt, and liberally with the dressing. Chill one hour, remove garlic or onion, and drain off excess dressing. Sprinkle with chopped mint, parsley, or capsicum. Serve with salad greens.

BABY SQUASH

Wash well, scrubbing if necessary. Do not peel. Cook in lidded pan in boiling, salted water, enough to half-cover, until just tender, 7 to 10 minutes. Drain, baste with lemon juice and melted butter, and sprinkle with chopped parsley or mint, and serve very hot as dinner vegetable, scooped and stuffed with well-seasoned minced meat as entree, or chilled on salad platter with salad-dressing.

COFFEE SHAPE

One pint strong milk coffee, curl of lemon rind, 1 tablespoon gelatine, ½ cup water.

Scorch the coffee grounds slightly before making the milk coffee, and steep the lemon rind in it as soon as it is made and while it is cooling. Soften the gelatine in the water, dissolve over boiling water and stir slowly into the just warm coffee. Pour into a pint-sized shape and chill until firm. Serve very cold with little crisp vanilla biscuits.

CURRANT COOKIES

Four ounces dripping, 4oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 egg, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk, 4oz. currants, 8oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt.

Cream dripping, sugar, lemon rind and juice until light and smooth and fluffy. Beat in the egg and milk. Add the currants and stir in the sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. The mixture should easily hold its own shape. Place teaspoonfuls on greased tray and cook in moderate oven (375deg. F.) until crisp and brown, about 10 minutes. Store when cold in an airtight tin.

LEMON BARLEY WATER

Two tablespoons pearl barley, 1 quart cold water, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 lemons, sugar to taste.

Soak barley in cold water for several hours. Add salt and 2 or 3 inches of thinly peeled lemon rind. Bring to the boil, boil rapidly for a few minutes, and then simmer very slowly for 3 hours. When cold, strain, add lemon juice, sweeten slightly, and chill. Serve very cold in long glasses.

CURRIED FISH SAVORIES

One cup cooked, flaked fish, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon thick salad-dressing, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 3 or 4 slices brown bread and butter, chopped parsley.

Combine fish, lemon juice, salad-dressing, and curry powder, and season further if necessary to taste. Cut bread and butter into one-inch squares, and pile on fish. Sprinkle with parsley. Serve very cold as before-dinner savories with fruit drinks or tomato juice.

Continued on page 38

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727930

And that is why it needs only ONE Hansen's British Tablet to set TWO full pints of delicious Junket EVERY TIME.

Avoid disappointment by ordering only Hansen's—reliable, economical, deliciously flavoured.

Grocers everywhere have ample supplies.

HANSEN'S Junket TABLETS

FULL SUPPLIES OF AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER AVAILABLE FROM YOUR GROCER !

LIFE begins at breakfast . . . make it a gay start, an adequate start. On hot mornings, set table (or service tray) on porch or verandah.

PLUMS IN SEASON . . . look up your recipe files for sauce, ketchup, jam, and fill up the pantry shelves with good things for winter use.

This week's first prize . . .

NOVEL PEACH DESSERT

● Icy stuffed peaches, apricot chutney, apple sherbet, a ginger loaf for holiday callers—these are prize-winners this week.

HAVE you competed in this popular recipe contest? Do! Send in recipes, using foods in season; send in your latest economy triumph, a party dish that has won cheers from your guests, a cold dish that has proved a summer menu success.

Cash prizes are awarded each week, and many thanks are also passed on to prize-winners from interested readers.

STUFFED PEACHES

Six large peaches, small cup cake crumbs, 1 dessertspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, little chopped peel and a few raisins, 1 tablespoon syrup from stewed fruit.

Peel, halve, and remove stones from peaches. Fill with mixed cake crumbs, peel, raisins, and sugar moistened with fruit syrup. Place halves together and skewer firmly. Put into a casserole and pour over a syrup made from 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon honey, and a few drops of cochineal. Bake till quite soft and pink.

First Prize of £1 to Miss E. Bell, 158 Easey St., Collingwood, Vic.

GINGER LOAF

One tablespoon butter or margarine, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon essence, 2 tablespoons chopped preserved ginger.

Cream shortening and sugar, add essence and well-beaten eggs. Add sifted flour and baking powder, and lastly, ginger and milk. Bake in oblong tin in moderate oven ¾ to 1 hour. Sultanas or raisins may be used in place of ginger.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Gray, Braeside, 45 Carleton St., Cowra, N.S.W.

APRICOT CHUTNEY

Two pounds apricots (peeled and stoned), 1lb. brown sugar, ½lb. chopped raisins, 1lb. onions, 1 dessertspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon cloves, cayenne pepper, vinegar to cover.

Put all ingredients into a saucepan and simmer 1½ hours, stirring frequently. Remove from fire. When cool, bottle and cover with airtight tops.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. Litchfield, 3 Curnow St., Brighton, S.A.

FROSTED APPLE SHERBET

Three-quarters cup sugar, 1-3rd cup water, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 2 egg-whites, 2 cups apple pulp, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Combine sugar, water, salt, and syrup, and boil slowly until the mixture will spin a thread in cold water.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, pour the syrup into them, beating well.

Fold in the apple pulp, lemon juice, and vanilla. Pour into freezing tray of refrigerator. When partly frozen whip well and return and finish freezing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. I. Combe, 125 Eglinton St., Kew, Vic.

MIDSUMMER MENUS

Continued from page 37

WEINER SCHNITZEL

One-and-a-half pounds veal steak, salt, pepper, vinegar or white wine, about 1-3rd cup flour, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon water, 1 cup fine white breadcrumbs, frying fat, sliced lemon.

Buy the veal steak cut to about ¼in. thickness. Cut into about six service portions and pound well. Rub with salt and pepper and sprinkle liberally with vinegar or white wine. Roll in flour, dip in the egg beaten with the water, and coat firmly with breadcrumbs. Heat a small quantity of fat in a pan, and brown the veal on both sides. Cover, turn the heat as low as possible and cook very slowly for 20 to 30 minutes, turning veal once or twice. Serve with lemon slices dipped in chopped parsley.

LIVER SALAD LOAF

One-and-a-half pounds calf's liver, 1 onion (medium size), 2½ cups soft breadcrumbs, ½ cup chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon dried herbs, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon flour, pepper, salt.

Place liver in warm water, bring slowly to the boil, simmer two or three minutes, drain. Mince the liver with the onion. Add crumbs, parsley, beaten eggs, flour, and about ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Turn into a well-greased loaf-tin and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) about one hour. Cool in tin. Slice.

SPICED APRICOT TART

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry flavored in mixing with 1 teaspoon spice, 1lb. apricots (stoned and halved), ½ cup brown sugar.

Divide the pastry in two, roll, and with one part line a small tart-plate. Moisten edge of pastry. Fill with apricots, sprinkle with sugar, cover with remaining pastry and trim edges. Bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (350deg. F.), and cook a further 10 to 15 minutes. Serve cold, topping each wedge with a teaspoon of orange marmalade. Also delicious topped with cream cheese or with mock or fresh cream flavored in beating with a few drops of rum.

JELLIED BEETROOT

Four to six beetroot (cooked), ½ cup water, ½ cup orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon gelatine softened in ½ cup cold water, ¾ cup vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper.

Dice or slice beetroot and arrange in flat dish. Heat water, add orange juice, rind, sugar, and gelatine, and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Add vinegar, pepper, and salt, and pour over the beetroot. Chill until set, cut in inch cubes, serve with salad.

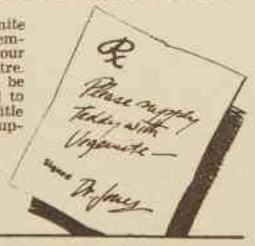
"Go to the head of the queue, Teddy"

Toast and Vegemite are nice for breakfast, but you would not be happy if you knew that young Teddy needed that Vegemite for his health's sake—but couldn't get it. Of course, everyone likes Vegemite, but some people want it more urgently than others—and have trouble getting it because of the shortage.

If you are one of those who don't need Vegemite medicinally, then thousands of invalids and babies are asking you to deny yourself of it for the time being; by doing so, you will enable them to regain their health and strength.

For those who need Vegemite MEDICINALLY . . . .

If you feel you really need Vegemite medicinally for yourself or any member of your family, then see your local doctor or Baby Health Centre. If your case is urgent, you will be issued with a note to be handed to your grocer. This note will entitle you to first call on his limited supplies of Vegemite.



VEGEMITE

EMERGENCY TREATMENT OF SKIN INJURIES

Be prepared for an emergency and keep Cuticura Ointment in your First Aid Kit. It brings instant soothing relief to cuts, burns, skin lacerations—prevents spread of infection, quickly heals.

Cuticura OINTMENT

ONE OF A FAMOUS TRIO—CUTICURA SOAP, OINTMENT, TALCUM

10 Minutes from Wish to Dish

Ask your Grocer for Smorgons Steak and Kidney Pudding, Frankfurts, Sausages, Lamb Tongues, Camp Pie, and Meat Galantine

Smorgons CHELSEA

CANNED MEAT DISHES

IT'S A TREAT TO EAT SMORGON'S

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727931

EVERY woman knows the subtle difference between an "evening meal" and "dining out."

It is a matter of "atmosphere," of tasteful serving; of grace and dignity as opposed to everyday monotony. It is *escape from the "ordinary."*

In summer, as in winter, you can—with the aid of Agee PYREX—bring the charm and attraction of the exclusive restaurant into your own dining-room.

The appetising eye-appeal of delightfully cooked food, graciously served, is achieved, easily, surely and economically, through Agee Pyrex . . . the ovenware that is tableware as well.

Food cooked in Pyrex is invariably *well* cooked. Every delicate flavour is retained; not an ounce of nutriment is lost or wasted. And food *served* in Pyrex is invariably attractive, with an appeal to your artistic sense, as well as to your palate.

FOR COLD DISHES, TOO!

For those iced puddings and desserts . . . for salads and jellies . . . for all those "refrigerator" dishes which tempt jaded hot-weather appetites, you need Pyrex. They keep better if they're put on the ice in Pyrex, and look twice as attractive served in the same crystal-clear dishes.

ALL-YEAR-ROUND ADVANTAGES!

Once you have Agee Pyrex in your home it stays on duty all the year round. Nothing preserves flavours and food values like durable, versatile Pyrex-ware. It keeps food hot. It keeps food cold. It adds merit to your cooking and grace to your table. You save time — energy and washing-up is a pleasure—not a hardship when you cook in Pyrex.

BRING YOUR KITCHEN UP-TO-DATE:

Your kitchen just isn't modern if it lacks Pyrex. And remember—you are not saving money by "managing without it." At the first opportunity, make an investment in this ovenware-tableware which can *do* so much and *save* so much for you—Agee Pyrex!

AGEE PYREX

MARKETED BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.

MAKERS OF VITALLY NECESSARY DISPENSARY, LABORATORY AND CLINICAL GLASSWARE FOR USE BY THE FIGHTING FORCES

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727932

For 'His' Sake . . .

you must keep up your morale . . . banish lines and wrinkles . . . with Facial Youth Powder Base. Use also Kathleen Court Face Powder, and Rouge.

Kathleen Court

Supreme aids to LOVELINESS

Kathleen Court lipsticks now freely obtainable. If you have any difficulty write Kathleen Court, 170 Clarence Street, Sydney.

TIRED EYES

A drop of **Murine** in each eye will soothe, cleanse and refresh. Ask your chemist.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

TWINS *are not so difficult to manage*

By SISTER MARY JACOB
Our Mothercraft Nurse

TWINS have been somewhat pushed out of the limelight by the appearance and survival of quintuplets and quadruplets, in which there has been world-wide interest.

The arrival of twins in the family circle is quite a common occurrence, and there is something always very fascinating about them.

There are two types of twins: "identical" twins are so much alike physically that it is difficult to distinguish between them.

They are also temperamentally and spiritually alike, and have been proved to think alike and to do the same thing at the same time, so strong is the bond between them.

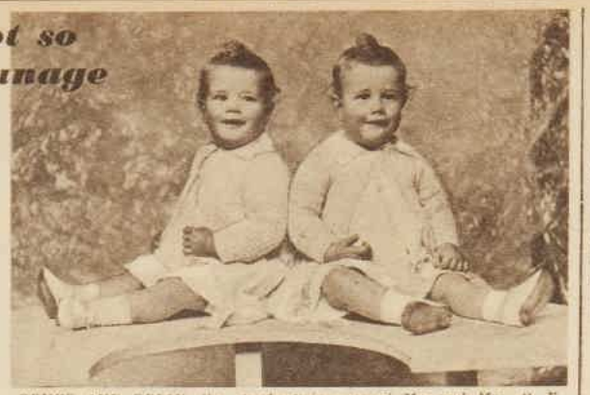
The second type are usually unlike each other or have the usual family characteristics. They are also dissimilar in temperament.

The advent of twins, if unexpected, will naturally at first cause some consternation, as more clothes and equipment will be required. However, in these days when X-rays are used so much, it is usually known beforehand that twins are to be expected.

The daily routine for twins will need more careful planning than for one baby, as haphazard methods will soon cause badly trained babies and overtired parents.

The feeding problem is much simplified when the mother can fully breast-feed the babies for the first few months, and in order to save time many mothers prefer to feed them simultaneously, which can be done fairly simply by careful management and manipulation.

A leaflet giving a suggested routine in the feeding and management of twins can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Please send a stamped addressed envelope.



BRUCE AND BRIAN, the sturdy twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. White, of Coonabarabran, N.S.W. Note how alike they are at 17 months.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES Says—

WHEN there is an invalid in the house, a card-table with two legs folded makes an excellent table for use over the bed.

★ ★ ★

BEWARE of the moth. Take your fur into the open occasionally and beat lightly.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE been told by a good housewife that plain flour, a clean, dry cloth, and some "elbow grease" will clean steel or chromium fittings.

★ ★ ★

HERE is a remedy for mildewed articles, but test your material first, as this may affect the color: Mildewed washing materials should have the stain soaked with water, then rubbed over thickly with yellow soap. Cover the soap layer with block magnesia or chalk, and lay out in the sun to bleach. Make sure your colors will not fade in the sun.

A CHAMOIS LEATHER dipped in water with methylated spirit in it will clean windows easily, says Olive Lester, of the Bob Dyer radio show. Polish with dry chamois if possible, or soft, clean cloth.

Trudy Marshall 20th Century Fox

THIS SUMMER MORE THAN EVER CHERISH YOUR WHITE SHOES..

Her hat is one enormous white flower with a black veil, and like so many other smart women she chooses white shoes.

Your cool white footwear will be hard to replace this summer so keep them smart and white with frequent Kiwi care. A single tube will last you all the season.

KIWI WHITE 6D

COUNTRY PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER . . .

First aid for minor injuries

● Since the Christmas holidays I've had a stream of anxious mothers with squirming children suffering as a result of injuries received during play.

By MEDICO

"DO you know," one mother said, "Billy put a large bead up his nose this morning just to see what would happen. I tried to get it out, but only succeeded in pushing it right up."

"What did you use?" I asked.

"A hairpin, doctor," said Mrs. Cantle.

"What you should have done," I said, after recovering the bead with the proper instruments, "was to press a finger against the clear passage of Billy's nose and ask him to blow hard. If that failed, you could have tried pepper and sneezing."

"I think I'd better concentrate on a little first-aid," said Mrs. Cantle, "for I never know what next the young rascals will be up to."

Whether you have children or not, a knowledge of first-aid is no load to carry. You never know when you may be faced with an accident and this knowledge may save a life.

Every graze or gravel rash should receive some attention—it is a break in the skin and opening for bacteria. Wash the graze thoroughly with soap and water, dry with a piece of sterilised gauze, and cover thickly with tannic-acid jelly.

This forms a temporary skin, excludes infection, and allows the new skin to grow without being further damaged.

Cuts, small or large, all need to be dressed.

Encourage bleeding, which washes the wound from within outwards. Cleanse the surrounding skin with warm, soapy water. Dry with sterilised gauze or a freshly laundered handkerchief, and then cover the skin with a sterilised dressing, and keep it in place with adhesive tape.

If the cut is a deep one and has been caused by a rusty nail, wire, or a splinter, there is a very good reason why you should encourage the wound to bleed freely. This can be done by squeezing the surrounding skin, taking care not to touch the cut itself.

A wound caused by anything likely to be soiled by manure should receive medical attention, as there is always a possibility of tetanus.

An injection of serum will prevent this.

Nose-bleeding looks bad, but it's not harmful, and does not require much treatment. Pinching the soft part of the nose often does the trick.

If the bleeding is severe, sit the patient in a chair, tilt the head slightly forward, and put cold compresses on the back of the neck. Some authorities advise the head tilted back, but this makes it difficult to apply the compresses.

And now the objects that get into ears and noses accidentally or otherwise:

First, there are two don'ts: Don't use water, and don't poke at the object. Peas, seeds, and berries absorb water and swell; poking may injure delicate membranes and push the object farther in.

Instead, put the affected ear down on a pillow and see if the object will fall out. A teaspoon of olive oil (if you have it!) poured into the ear is an old-fashioned method that often succeeds.

(All names mentioned in these articles are fictitious.)

BURNING, ACHING FEET

The pain and discomfort of tired inflamed feet are the lot of thousands to-day. Whether in the Services, in a hospital, a workshop or the home, get the relief and comfortable ease which Iodex gives to aching, burning feet. Iodex rapidly reduces inflammation and helps restore sinews and muscles to normal.

FROM YOUR CHEMIST, 2/-

IODEX NO-STAIN IODINE

TRY THIS FOR SORE FEET: Soak in hot soapy water for 10 minutes and dry well. Then gently rub Iodex in thoroughly.

QUALITY HAS NOT BEEN RATIONED!

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR

New Cream Deodorant *safely* Stops Perspiration

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
4. A pure white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

Arrid is the largest selling deodorant

At all chemists and stores selling toilet goods.

Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney

2/- a jar ARRID

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add a box of **Orlex Compound** and a little perfume. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

WOMEN

CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those acute periodic pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet in water and avoid being a misery to themselves and others.

Price, 2/- box. Sufficient for several months.

MIDENE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727933

Wildflower farm supports family

ROWS OF ERIOSTEMONS or pink waxflowers, showing how the shrubs are raised with ample space between for cultivation.

DENSE MASS OF BLOSSOM on cultivated eriostemon reaches nearly 6ft. Mrs. Olive Parry demonstrates the height of these shrubs. They rarely reach 3ft. in bush.

● Let me introduce you to an Australian family of eight people who have lived almost exclusively for years on the proceeds of a wildflower farm near Gosford, N.S.W.

By OUR HOME GARDENER

MR. and MRS. P. J. Parry, of Floralands, have a family of six sturdy children, and these they have raised on their 113-acre nursery and flower-farm.

But don't run away with the idea that they belong to the vandal class of wildflower farmer — they grow the beautiful waratah, pink eriostemons, brown, pink, red, and white boronias, Geraldton wax flower, flannel flowers, native roses, and Christmas bush in rows under cultivation.

And they grow them bigger and better than under natural conditions, because this native-flower lover and his botanist wife have closely studied the requirements of our flora.

They know which of them likes superphosphate, or blood and bone, and which of our bush beauties will have none of them. And one has to see the native eriostemon on their farm, growing 6ft. tall and four feet across, to believe that this stately flowering shrub is the same that rarely exceeds 3ft. tall in the bush.

Brown boronia, miscalled Melbourne boronia (it comes originally from Western Australia), also grows to 4ft. under cultivation; and waratahs paint the bush to a height of 12ft., when grown in rows and cultivated with the regularity of potatoes.

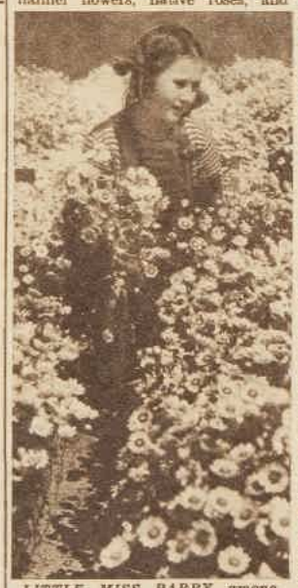
I walked in the shade of Christmas bushes 12ft. and 14ft. tall, from which thousands of bunches of the colorful fruit which we use in lieu of holly are cut each year. Those trees were planted over 30 years ago, but they seem to flourish with the years, and submit to the hardest pruning.

I was told that the waratahs yielded 20,000 to 30,000 blooms a year.

And years of effort have gone into that bushland garden and property. Two big concrete dams that Mrs. Parry helped to build supply water for irrigating the rows of plants and shrubs in dry times.

And I was told of the disappointment and chagrin at the announcement that the sale of wildflowers would be forbidden by law.

"If I can't sell the flowers themselves," said Mr. Parry, "I intend to raise plants of some of our loveliest and scarcest species. I've spent my life here on this property, and I've devoted it to the perpetuation of these unique flowers. Surely the law will not try to prevent that?"



LITTLE MISS PARRY among the immortelles or Swan River daisies. Her dad grows thousands of bunches of these wildflowers.

MR. AND MRS. P. J. PARRY, of Floralands, Gosford, and their sturdy brood of six children, on their way to the packing-shed, where they bunch and pack Australian wildflowers for the city markets.

No More INDIGESTION PAINS
No More DIETING
No More HEADACHES
THANKS TO
HARDY'S!

Relieve indigestion and stomach trouble to-day. Buy a tin of Hardy's and right away you'll get quick permanent relief just as thousands of other sufferers have done. Take HARDY'S and eat what you like, and enjoy it, free from fear of pain or discomfort.

HARDY'S

INDIGESTION and Ulcerated Stomach POWDER
SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE
PRICE 2/9 A JAR
Also in the new wartime pack at the same price.

"Wouldn't it slay you!"

— say the flies and mosquitoes

and it does!

Mortein kills 'em stone dead!

When buying insect spray insist on

MORTEIN

When you're on a good thing—stick to it!

It could be WORMS!

If children—or adults—feel itchy, grind their teeth or lose weight, worms may be the cause. SAN-O-LAX is a pleasant remedy that will clear the system of worms—it brings quick, sure, safe relief to both children and adults.

YOUR chemist sells
SAN-O-LAX
WORM SYRUP
Distributed by Potter & Birks Pty. Ltd.

BACK AGAIN IN FULL SUPPLY

SOLD BY CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

SCHUMANN'S MINERAL & SPRING SALTS

fortuna cloth

"Busy these days?

A LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY BATH PEPS YOU UP IN NO TIME"

Actual statement by Paulette Goddard a Paramount star

"It leaves skin feeling soft—velvet smooth" she adds.

There couldn't be a more delightful beauty routine than a daily Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath. You'll love the creamy-rich lather this fine white soap makes. It's a luxury any girl can afford.

9 *out of every* 10 *Film Stars use* LUX TOILET SOAP

"I've been using Lux Toilet Soap for only a short while, and my skin is so much fresher already. Why don't you give it a trial?"

A LEVER PRODUCT

LT.130.27

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

If you feel ill, consult your Doctor; but remember most Practitioners are overworked just now.

For most minor ailments there are many reputable Proprietary Medicines:—
For example . . .

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure

For Coughs and Colds.

W. G. Hearne & Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney and Geelong.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727934

GET FAMOUS PERSIL RESULTS WITH COLOUREDS, RAYONS, PRETTIES as well as whites!

WHEN you see something extra white, what does you thinking of? Why, Persil, of course. ryone knows—Persil washes whiter. Its etic oxy charged suds hustle down grime

EVERYONE KNOWS **PERSIL** GIVES THE WHITEST WHITES BECAUSE IT WASHES CLEANER. AND LOOK, THOSE SAME ACTIVE SUDS MAKE COLOUREDS RAINBOW BRIGHT!

I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO REPLACE MY PRETTY UNDIES. THAT'S WHY I WASH THEM IN **PERSIL.** IT'S GENTLENESS ITSELF.

There's no white quite so white as Persil whiteness. Never has been. Never will be. And you'll be just as surprised, just as pleased the first time you use Persil in your "coloured" wash. *For rayons, for tricky shades, for flimsy fabrics, there isn't a safer, gentler washer than Persil.* Right down into the fabric go those active, dirt-rousing suds. And they gently coax out grime and perspiration till there isn't any more to coax. Nothing else can equal those fresh spring-like Persil colours because nothing washes so clean as Persil. Try Persil for everything you wash!

Fifi Banvard of the BOB DYER SHOW says

DOING ANYTHING NEXT MONDAY NIGHT? TUNE IN AT 8 P.M. TO THE **BOB DYER SHOW.** WE'VE GOT SOMETHING RIGHT OUT OF THE BOX FOR YOU.

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. P.276.1

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727935

"In the Army now"

"I can't help you with your home beautifying until peace comes, because I'm on Defence work, protecting Australia's war equipment and fighting men, and that's a great compliment to 'Dulux' quality."

B·A·L·M DULUX

THE SYNTHETIC FINISH SUPERSEDES ENAMELS and VARNISHES

BUT—I'LL BE ON THOSE JOBS WITH YOU LATER

British Australian Lead Manufacturers Pty. Ltd.

To Dye . . . or not to Dye!

You choose cosmetics to suit your complexion, why not give new colour to your hair so that it lives up to your face at its prettiest! NAPRO Hair Dyes, made on the latest OIL SHAMPOO base, have a range of twenty-one true-to-nature shades, and leave the hair lustrous and rich in tone. Ask your hairdresser to beautify your hair with NAPRO Hair Dye—or if you want to apply it yourself (it's quite easy!) buy NAPRO Hair Dye from chemists and stores.

NAPRO HAIR DYES

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull or loose—if he is listless or won't eat—give him BARKO Condition Powders.

BARKO Condition Powders

Scratching is often a sign of Eczema. Give BARKO Condition Powders and apply BARKO Skin Lotion to affected parts.

1/6 ALL CHEMISTS

Really for Janet

Continued from page 7

PROBABLY her captain had lost his way in the fog. Old Ham could picture him on the bridge now, talking with his officers, scratching his head, if Navy men ever scratched their heads.

Old Ham hoped Dr. Price would not take too long getting in. He guessed he would have to go to a hospital, after all . . .

Then he saw Janet running toward the house, and she was out of breath when she reached him. "It's the Mary Belle, isn't it?" she asked, and added, "Bill's aboard her."

"Well," he said, "that's a surprise. He must have gone sudden."

"He did. I've been expecting him back from patrol all the week." Janet looked toward the ship. "Can they get out of there, Ham?"

"They can try," he said. "But they'll probably rip her to pieces."

"You could get her out, Ham."

Old Ham looked out to sea. "I've got a kind of date, Janet," he said.

She looked down at him. There was a question in her eyes. She said, "You're the only one who can lead them out. Ham, I love him, and I'm going to be married. And she's a Navy ship now, Ham."

He shifted on the chair. "Do you forgive me?" he asked.

She smiled. "I couldn't be mad at you long. You're my best friend, remember?"

"Aye," he said, and rose carefully from the chair. "I'll get the motor-boat, and see what I can do."

He had trouble with the motor-boat. The engine was stubborn, and he was sweating a little when he finally got the thing running.

"Let me come with you," Janet said.

He shook his head. "This is a man's Navy. They've got laws against women messing round ships. Run home, and I'll send your young fellow to you."

With a couple of coughs and a roar the clumsy motor-boat moved away from the shore. Old Ham looked back, up toward the house, and he saw Dr. Price at the doorway. "Sorry, Doc; you'll have to wait," he said to himself.

He looked out toward the Mary Belle. The Navy had done a lot to her, changed part of her superstructure, put a gun on her bow, and her stern had been cleared and loaded with depth charges.

Despite the pain, Old Ham chortled. No one could deny him this little bit of satisfaction, to go aboard this ship and show her officers how to handle her.

The old motor-boat puttered along at a snail's pace, but the tide was in and the sea was smooth, and Old Ham was able to head her straight toward the naval vessel.

A figure on the bridge watched him as he eased the motor-boat in close and came alongside.

Old Ham looked up. "My name's Ham," he called. "You're in trouble in these waters. I know them well. If you let me, I can pilot you out."

"Come aboard," the figure on the bridge invited.

Orders were given, and seamen flung over a ladder for Old Ham, and he tossed up the boat's painter to them. He accomplished the climb up the ladder with great difficulty, and it seemed an eternity to him before he felt hands grasp his arms and half lift him over the side.

A ruddy-faced officer stood in front of him. "I'm the captain," the officer said. "You say you know this place well?"

"I've lived and sailed here since I was a boy," Old Ham replied. "I sailed this ship when she was a yacht. We'll get out, all right. You've a sub-lieutenant aboard named Bill, haven't you?"

"Bill? Perhaps you mean Wilmot? He's below."

"I'd like to see him first," Old Ham said. "Then I'll pilot you out."

THE captain ordered a junior officer to show Old Ham below. The former master of the Mary Belle hardly needed to be shown. He knew every inch of this ship, even though they had done things with her.

"Are you a friend of Wilmot's?" asked the young officer. Old Ham noticed he wore wavy stripes. They were frayed and tarnished. There was something cool and experienced about his youthful face, and he walked like a sailor. They learn quickly, thought Old Ham with something of a surprise.

"I'm a sort of friend," he replied.

"Great boy, Wilmot. Nice chap."

They came to the door of what had once been the spare cabin. The young officer opened it and invited Old Ham to step inside.

"Wilmot, there's someone to see you."

Before Ham stepped into the cabin he wiped the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand. He wanted to see Janet's young boy. He just wanted to let him know that when the Navy was in trouble it could turn to a man who owned fishing-boats, who wore no uniform or gold braid on his sleeve.

He entered a white, overcrowded cabin. A smell hit his nostrils and made him halt suddenly, staring at a pale face turned in his direction from a cot.

"Why," said a voice, "where did you come from?"

Old Ham did not move. "You sick, boy?"

"Not bad," said the youngster in the cot. "How's Janet?"

"She's fine. You hurt?"

"I've got a chunk of steel in me. At least, I did have. Guess we'll have to postpone the wedding a couple of weeks. But we sank her—we sank our sub."

"Wilmot was on the gun," said the officer behind him. "There was a running fight."

"You sank a submarine?" asked Old Ham.

"One up for us," said the boy, and grinned.

Old Ham said, "You'll see Janet soon. She's waiting for you." He turned and left the sick bay. "Is he hurt bad?" he asked the young officer who followed him out.

"He'll be patched up, all right. Do you think you can really get us out of here? There are rocks everywhere."

"I'll get you out," said Old Ham. He was holding his stomach. But the look in his eyes was not one of pain, but of grimness, and Old Ham's thoughts were on that youngster from the inland city who had shot it out with a submarine.

When he reached the bridge he said to the captain: "I hear you sank a U-boat. She was always a good ship. And she's got a good gunner, they tell me."

"Personally," said the captain, "I'd say she's got a very good gunner."

"Yep," nodded Old Ham. "He's going to marry a friend of mine."

Through the captain Old Ham gave his orders to the quartermaster. Slowly the ship started to move, and the officers watched Old Ham, probably wondering in their minds if the Old Man had done right to trust this fisherman. But as the ex-Mary Belle slid slowly through the water, and Old Ham's orders came confidently from his lips, their expressions relaxed. Slowly but surely the ship was creeping out of danger.

He was thinking now of the old days, of the times when he had been in command of this ship. She was coming into harbor now with glory written all over her, and he was proud to be on her bridge again, prouder than he had ever been in his life, and proud of the boy below decks who was going to marry Janet.

"We're over!" the captain cried suddenly. The faces of his officers broke into smiles. He turned to Old Ham. "We're over—Pilot."

"Aye," said Old Ham, "we're over."

He collapsed on the bridge before they reached harbor. There was an ambulance waiting on the wharf when they came alongside, back from patrol, and with a submarine to their credit . . .

Janet came to see Old Ham in the hospital, and so did Mr. Miller. They asked him how he felt, and he lay back and said the smell was driving him crazy. Janet leaned over and gave him a kiss on the lips, and said, "Thanks, Ham," and then, "Hurry up and get well. We want you at the wedding."

Some men with thick gold braid on their sleeves were visitors, too. And one of them, the one with the most braid, asked Old Ham, "Is there anything we can do for you?"

And Old Ham said, "You can get me some bullets for my gun. I'm clean out of them."

(Copyright)

GLORIOUS RELIEF FOR BURNING, TIRED FEET

THE RAPID HEALER

Rexona OINTMENT

1/6 A JAR

Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.

O.52.32

CLEAN POTS AND PANS WITHOUT SCRATCHING WITH VIM

cleans without

what's cooking—

at the Tasma plant?

TASMA is busily planning a post-war menu that will satisfy your appetite for electrical amenities in the home. From Tasma will come not only the very best in radio but refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, washers, ironers, hot water services, and a host of other appliances from which you are now divorced through Nipponese nastiness. As soon as we've finished our war job, we'll be right with you!

THOM & SMITH PTY. LTD., Botany Road, Mascot

Makers of Tasma Detail-Built Radio

T.18.44

A BRAND WORTH REMEMBERING!

THE FAMOUS BRITISH GUARANTEED

Sundek Fabric

SMARTER FOR SPORTSWEAR, SUMMERWEAR AND BATHROBES

Time for a Capstan

the Empire's favourite Cigarette

REMEMBER—if you're short of Capstans—it's because they have gone to the boys in the fighting services.

It's your fight—YOUR money is needed NOW. Buy War Savings Certificates and 5/- National Savings Stamps.

27HM-11-44

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727936

Nobody writes to ME!

EVEN MY BOYFRIENDS HAVE LET ME DOWN! HONESTLY, I'M BEGINNING TO THINK I HAVE BAD BREATH – OR SOMETHING!

THAT MAY BE MORE TRUE THAN FUNNY, JOAN! A VISIT TO YOUR DENTIST NEXT HOME LEAVE – MIGHT BRIGHTEN UP THE MALE SITUATION!

JOAN SEES HER DENTIST..

OF COURSE – REGULAR BRUSHING IS THE IMPORTANT THING.. THERE'S NOTHING BETTER THAN COLGATE DENTAL CREAM TO HELP ROUT OUT ACID DEPOSITS AND DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES WHICH CAUSE DECAY & BAD BREATH..

.. AND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CONTAINS A SAFE POLISHING AGENT THAT MAKES YOUR TEETH BRILLIANTLY WHITE – WITHOUT HARMING THE DELICATE ENAMEL ..

LATER – THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM..

SO NOBODY WRITES TO YOU! IF YOU ASK ME, JOAN, I'D SAY EVERYBODY WRITES TO YOU!

WELL – NOT QUITE! BUT THANKS TO YOUR TIP – MAIL CALL IS MALE CALL, THESE DAYS!

COLGATE'S MAKES TEETH ACTUALLY SPARKLE.. GIVES TRUE BRILLIANCE TO YOUR SMILE!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

LARGE 1'4½ SIZE
GIANT 2'2½ SIZE
twice as much as 1'4½ size

IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

1/755

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727937